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THE BYSTANDER, APRIL 7, 1937.

The BYSTANDER

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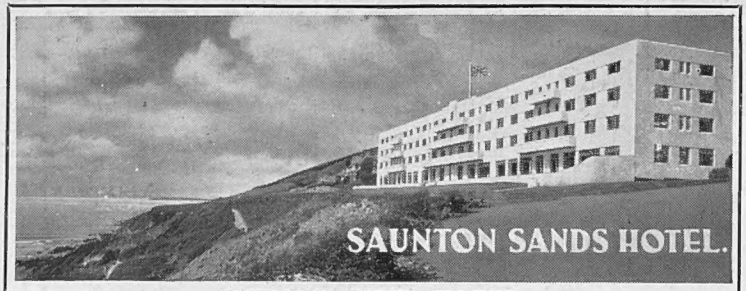

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GERMANY—*Continued*

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The Bystander, April 7, 1937

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The Bystander

Myrna Loy and William Powell in "After the Thin Man"

The Thin Man, that king of comedy thrillers that is still running spasmodically in odd parts of the country, ended, as you will remember, on a train bound from New York to San Francisco. *After the Thin Man*, the sequel which is now on show at the Empire, takes up the story on that train and moves on with the same passenger list as before, i.e., story by Dashiell Hammett, production by Hunt Stromberg, direction by W. S. Van Dyke, cast headed by the brilliant team of Powell and Loy; even the dog is unchanged by the gap in the tale. The adjectives that can be applied are again the same—skilful handling, apt dialogue, taut story and urbane acting.—Meanwhile back in Hollywood, William Powell, who is so much the making of both *Thin Man* films, is starring with Luise Rainer in Baroness Orczy's *Emperor's Candlesticks*

Wedding Guests

At the Cameron — Grant-Sturgis Wedding

Lady Ann Child-Villiers and Miss Cynthia Elliott went to Miss Pamela Grant-Sturgis's wedding to Mr. Allan Cameron

Lady O'Neill talked to Sir Mark Grant-Sturgis after his daughter Pamela had driven off with her husband, Allan Cameron, from their Knightsbridge wedding reception

Right: Richard Beaumont, Lord Allendale's son, hurried out with a last bit of luggage as his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Seely, left for their honeymoon

Bridegroom's Nephew

Right: two attractive Canadians married to Englishmen, Mrs. Charles Gerrard and Mrs. Hugh Kindersley, went to the Seely — Rieben wedding together

Mrs. Gerrard and Mrs. Kindersley

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kindersley were guests at the Seely-Rieben wedding, which took place at Christ Church, Mayfair, with the reception at Lord and Lady Allendale's house, 144, Piccadilly

Above right: Mr. Victor Seely and his small daughter Victoria, who was one of the bridesmaids, wave good-bye to his brother and her uncle, Nigel Seely, after his wedding to Miss Isabella Rieben

Right: Dr. and Mrs. Malcolm Sargent were also at the wedding. Last night (April 6th) he conducted the last of the season's Courtauld-Sargent concerts at the Queen's Hall

Dr. and Mrs. Malcolm Sargent

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

IT would be absurd, when writing a commentary on the daily affairs of the world, not to say anything about the new epoch in India. Every thousand years or so India turns over in its sleep, and this week is one of the moments. But the only cardinal rule to be observed by anyone who wants to write about India is that nothing is known about it. Those who write and tell the world what is happening in India are always wrong. So I do not propose to say anything more than that I know nothing about it, and I am not ashamed to admit it.

THE town is full of rumours about affairs in Italy. There is no means, at the moment, of checking the accuracy of them but the interesting thing is that they are in circulation. This is the first time for years that any suggestion has been made that the Italian people are discontented with the Fascist régime, but it is obvious that things have not been going well recently. The cost of the Abyssinian War must be paid sometime, and there is only one way in which it can be paid, and that is by lowering the standard of living of the people and cutting wages. Then there is the Spanish Expedition to be paid for, and the Italian soldier, while he is prepared to fight for his own country, is not half so keen about fighting for someone else's country. The fall of the lira and the comparative absence of the British tourist traffic must have all helped to swell the discontent. And now the rout of the Italian army in the Guadarramas can no longer be kept dark. So the Italian has a number of reasons for thinking that the world is not a perfect place. And the more reasons he has, the easier our position in the Mediterranean becomes.

A GREAT amount of publicity has surrounded the coming together of Hitler and Ludendorff. They were friends fifteen years ago and then they quarrelled bitterly. It is now regarded as a triumph for Hitler that he has won back the famous Quartermaster-General of the World War. But is it such a triumph after all? Ludendorff won a reputation over the Battle of Tannenberg, and it was a reputation which he did not deserve. The genius of the battle was General François. But the credit went to Hindenburg and through Hindenburg to Ludendorff. And on the Western Front the record of these two was one of failure and incompetence.

THE British Government has at last taken a definite line about General Franco. After months of lying low and saying nothing they have asked the General to be kind enough not to interfere with British shipping any more. Considering that the British Navy is swarming round the coasts of Spain and is strong enough to engage all the navies of Europe combined, this request to Franco is not going at all far. The odd thing is that it was not made months ago. Lord Palmerston would have smiled at the modern British methods of protecting British citizens abroad.

AN interesting situation has arisen over the new attitude of the Foreign Office towards passports. Mr. Claude Cockburn has been refused a visa to travel to Spain. The Dean of Canterbury has been refused a visa, and has only been given one after a delay. This ought to be the subject of a test case in the Law Courts. There is, I think, a strong argument to be put up that the citizens of this country are allowed to go abroad wherever and whenever they like. They cannot, of course, visit any country without the permission of the Government of that country. But that has nothing to do with the British Government. This seems to me to be a perfect opportunity of the Council for Civil Liberties to test the legality of the whimsies of the Foreign Office.

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS is going to be expelled from the Labour Party after all. A month ago the Socialists were faced with the problem of what to do with a man who preached Socialism. They decided to do nothing. Now they have taken their courage in their hands and have decided to expel Sir Stafford. So that the position is that the only two Socialists who have brains, Parliamentary technique, the command of oratory, and the courage of their convictions are to be flung out of the ranks of Socialism. We may disagree with the opinions of Sir Stafford and Mr. Maxton, but we cannot deny their ability. Once again unutterable tedium descends upon the Labour opposition.

A VERY queer situation has arisen over air raid precautions. The Government announced some time ago that these precautions would be put in hand at once in all the big cities as a matter of urgency. Gas, explosives, and incendiary bombs were the three menaces to be dealt with. Now it turns out that the Government has not yet announced how much of the cost it is prepared to meet out of the National Exchequer and how much the local authorities will have to provide. In consequence, the whole work is at a complete standstill.

LONDON has begun to fill up with Coronation visitors. The crowds in front of Buckingham Palace are becoming more Continental every day, and they stand and gape at the flagstaff, whether the Royal Standard is flying or

Atlantic Crossing for Musicians

Waltz-King Oscar Straus and his wife were on their way to Hollywood, where Herr Straus has a contract to compose the music for a film operetta

M. and Mme. Gregor Piatigorsky were crossing the other way—to Europe for their honeymoon; they had just been married in America. He is the famous Russian 'cellist; she was Baroness Jacqueline de Rothschild

The Passing Hour *(Concluded)*

not, for hours. The first of the Imperial guests have arrived, and after twenty years the Londoner can admire again the broad-brimmed hats, the feathers, and the magnificent physique of Australian soldiers.

THE SPEAKER cannot make up his mind whether or not to cover the whole of the six-and-a-half mile Coronation route in his huge coach. The trouble is that it is very heavy and has no brakes, and even the slight slope of Constitution Hill might be risky. But surely the solution would be to fit brakes on to it? Or is that contrary to some mysterious etiquette?

THE prospectus of the "Right" Book Club has now been published. The object of the club is to provide its members with books on political and social questions written from a "sane, sound, and constitutional viewpoint." In other words, it is a Conservative literary club. The leading "patron" is Lord Lloyd, and the Selection Committee is Major-General Sir Reginald Hoskins, Captain Anthony Ludovici, and Mr. Sidney Dark. The books will cost ordinary trade prices to the general public but members of the club will get them for half-a-crown. It will be interesting to see whether this new venture succeeds in catching up the formidable "Left" Book Club.

SIR JOHN SQUIRE'S new book, *The Honeysuckle and the Bee*, is a charming and original book of rambling reminiscences. It is ostensibly a description of a walk from London to Bath, but actually it is Sir John's thoughts and ideas on every subject that comes into his head. It is full of a bland urbanity and wit.

OF all that has been written about Harry Vardon, nothing could be simpler or more perfect than the letter written to the *Times* by John Henry Taylor. This is the letter:

SIR,—May I say, with diffidence, that I think Mr. Walter Melrose is wrong when he implies that Vardon modelled his style on that of "Charlie Broadwood"? Most probably it was the other way about.

I first met Vardon on the occasion of the Open Championship at Prestwick in 1893. He was then attached to the Bury Club, was 23 years of age, and had left the caddie stage far behind. It was noted that his backward swing had a decided "lift" in it, which prompted the critics to declare that it would preclude him from becoming first-class. A year or two later they and I had every reason for revising this opinion.

Harry Vardon was a natural golfer. His beautiful and graceful style was the result of his inherent genius for the game.

I am, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

J. H. TAYLOR.

Royal Mid-Surrey G.C.

GOLFERS are beginning to tune up in spite of the appalling weather, and there have been the usual crop of Easter competitions along the Scottish coast, with the usual names among the winners. The perennial Mr. Lionel Munn turned in his inevitable low score at Sandwich. Mr. Munn's golf is a triumph of the old methods of artistry. He does not use a great battery of mashie-niblicks like your modern standardised player, but plays a different stroke in every situation.

ONE of the most picturesque and dramatic events that have taken place in the sporting world for a great many years is due to be played next week. Mr. David Milford is challenging for the world's championship at rackets. The last time an amateur challenged for the title was seventy-five years ago. The holder, a professional, is an American, Setzler. The first half of the match was played in America a short time ago, and Setzler won by a very narrow margin. But it is freely predicted by the experts that Milford, in his home court, will win easily.

One Man — Two Arts

Ernest Thesiger, well known on the stage, is also a painter and has submitted a flower study for this year's Academy. He is a son of the late Hon. Sir Edward Thesiger

Husband and Wife — One Art

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Beresford are both painters; he had several in last year's R.A., is submitting again and is seen with his wife and her portrait of Lady (George) Alexander, which she has also sent in

Buchmanite Eastertide

"New Enlistment" Camp at Birmingham

The Group didn't want—any more than Oxford wanted—the label that connects it with the home of lost causes and the city of dreaming spires, but Frank Buchman and his followers seem to have resigned themselves to the name "Oxford Group." Yet there is nothing lost or dreaming about the movement at the moment; from all accounts it is growing rapidly, and its energetic appeal to youth—some of whose methods smack of Mussolini and Hitler—was demonstrated at its Easter week-end camp in the B.I.F. buildings at Birmingham: cycle columns converged, contingents of Scots marched with bagpipes, "America's brightest boy" (Wilber B. Huston) arrived; there were torchlight processions, mass physical jerks, rowing and Rugger Blues, ski Kanonen, and many foreigners

OXFORD GROUP
NEW ENLISTMENT

The Rostrum at Birmingham

Sir Philip Dundas (in kilt and sporran) is speaking; the others on the platform are Cuthbert Bardsley, Lord Addington and Lord Salisbury. Up above is a movie camera

A Pram Leads the Group

Below: the day's programme at the week-end camp began at six with a run and exercises; the first meeting was at 10.30; at 12.30 came "New Fitness" exercises en masse, lunch at 1.30, afternoon meeting at 3 p.m., at 5 o'clock they collected "their rations for tea and marched off with them to their schools for the evenings"

A Study in Group Physiognomy: Scot, Italian and Swiss

Mr. Davidson and Miss Younger

Kenneth Bulstrode Lloyd Davidson, only son of Colonel C. J. L. and the late Mrs. Davidson, of Eglinton, Co. Londonderry, married the Hon. Elizabeth Maud Younger, Lord and Lady Younger of Leckie's elder daughter, at the Cathedral Church of St. Mary, Edinburgh. The bridegroom's regiment, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, formed a guard of honour

Fayer of Vienna

Mr. Seely and Miss Rieben

Nigel Seely and Isabella Rieben were married at Christ Church, Mayfair. He is the late Sir Charles Seely and Lady Seely's son. She is the daughter of Mrs. Rieben, of Celyn, Aberdovey, and won the Welsh golf championship from her mother two years ago and lost it to her this year

Mr. Cameron an

Allan Alexander Cameron, Mr. a second son, married Pamela Gra Audley Street. She is Sir Ma Sturgis's only daughter; her moth

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

ABOUT Le Touquet at Easter reports differ. Everyone is agreed, however, that the weather being foul, there was no call to get up until the Casino reopened, and that therefore evening sessions lasted until 9 a.m.; that Mr. Drogo Montagu and Mr. Bobbie Sweeny were nearly killed on landing; and that the young Duchess of Norfolk learnt to play "chemi" in the twinkling of an eye.

In a charming dress made of red lace she played like an expert on her second night at the tables. Mr. Henry Hunloke went over with her and her young Earl Marshal husband. We are sorry to hear that Lady Anne Hunloke has been ill. Most of our friends seem to have lost a packet, flying conditions were not too good, and maybe it is as well we only played with the idea of going over.

Different Ways and Sizes

WOMEN were booted and spurred, while their mauve-nosed escorts stamped around and drank cherry brandy in an ineffectual effort to keep warm at the opening meeting at Northolt on Easter Saturday. However, even penetrating east winds can't keep enthusiasts away from racing (or ourselves away from the "Tote" selling booths!).

Northolt must be nearer in actual mileage to London than any of the other courses, and for comfort and sheer charm of surroundings none of them can touch it. Mr. and Mrs. Freddie Cripps were down there that day, and Mr. Dickie Hirsch and Captain "Jumbo" Jolliffe, both personalities in their different ways and sizes. Mrs. Harry Misa was another racing regular we saw. She knows too much ever to bet, and her husband, who used to be in the Bays, was an official of some importance there last year.

A Secret Understanding

MORE grey skies and bitter wind greeted us at Kempton on Monday (why need the band play dirges as well?), but lots of attractive and amusing people about made up considerably for the inclement climate.

Lady Long, in a little yellow knitted cap, was one of the first we saw. She has an attractive sister coming out this year, Miss Mary Rose Charteris.

Mrs. Arthur Sainsbury, in a smart beaver sports coat, was looking delighted at William of Vallence's victory two days before. Most of the women present wore zip-fastened woolly-lined boots and mink coats, good, bad and indifferent. (Mrs. de Winton Wills was definitely in class "A.") The men, almost to a man, wore dark blue overcoats and bowler hats; we suspect some secret understanding about this.

Mrs. Wilkinson's white broadtail coat and cap brightened up the grey afternoon; also the sight of Mr. Peter Koch de Gooreynd's cheery face. He was in great heart over his new optical lenses, and having a mild Bank Holiday flutter with Mr. Eddie Baron.

A Speed-boat at Dawn

IT is no exaggeration to say that the Riviera at Easter was brilliant—the people, not the weather, which left a certain amount of sun to be desired. There was new infusion of youth and younger middle-age, of couples like the Hugh Campbells and the Ronnie Quilters who are usually to be found at Le Touquet, and of very well-knowns like Lords Carisbrooke, Rosebery, Camrose, Kemsley, Beaverbrook, Castlerosse, and so on.

Monte Carlo's two huge galas were packed to suffocation-point. Even Major Frank Goldsmith, the "king" of the place, was obliged to stand in the back row during the cabaret, surveying what must have been a gratifying scene. That night the "young idea," including the Hambros and Miss Mona Simpson, went on from the night-club to the harbour and spent the dawn speed-boating out to a British battleship. They raced round and round her and shouted out that breakfast would be welcome. There was regretful reply from the ship that this would be against H.M.'s rules and regulations for the Royal Navy, so they returned to the Café de Paris and ate a hearty meal in evening dress in the garden. This episode sounds light-heartedly Le Touquet and not at all like Monte Carlo in its rather staid winter season!

Present for Polo Players

POLO at Cannes brings out another younger element. Mr. Riley Smith, the veteran Yorkshire player, has young "Billy" Balding on his side, and the 4/7th are represented by Colonel Aizlewood, one of the best-looking men in the Army, Captains Craig and Moulton-Barrett, and the one and only "Tubby" Cooper. They had a very good match at Easter and were looking forward to Mme. "Chiffon" Lejeune's Cup, which was not actually a Cup but took the form of a present for each—a folding watch in a tortoise-shell case.

Young honeymooners Mr. and Mrs. John Redmayne were lookers-on; also the Prince of Mysore, who knew the regiment in India; and, of course, Major Sidney Mason, who is President of the Polo Association and a very big noise indeed in that nicest of outdoor worlds. His son, who married the beauteous Diana Coventry, has settled in Worcestershire, where they raise dogs.

Miss Grant-Sturgis

Mrs. E. Allan Cameron's Sturgis at St. Mark's, North and Lady Rachel Grant-is Lord Wharncliffe's sister

Bridesmaids at the Cameron — Grant-Sturgis Wedding

Miss Susan Bligh and Miss Diana Bethell arrived together at St. Mark's, Susan Bligh conveniently carrying her coat, so that you can see the bridesmaid's dress—white crêpe skirt and short Russian coat with high neck

The other six grown-up bridesmaids were Lady Ann Stuart-Wortley, Miss Diana Mann, Miss Sheila Foster, Miss Elizabeth Bonham, Miss Rosamund Broughton, and the Hon. Nefertari Bethell: the last two are in the picture

Major Mason is looking forward to a "terrific" (his word) season at the polo clubs, for the Ashtons are coming (Australia's wonder family), which makes one first-rate team, and two Indian teams and at least one Argentine, quite apart from "Laddie" Sanford and other "stray" Americans. It was a relief to hear from this England steward that the trouble at Ranelagh seems to be settling itself after a great deal of hard work on the part of his committee.

The Best Cook

LORD MOORE and his actress-wife joined Maxine Elliott's house-party just after Easter. His mother, Kathleen, Lady Drogheda, was already installed; also Sir Neville Pearson, who partnered Mme. Lejeune at golf and on the dance-floor.

"Maxine's" much-described villa is nearer Juan-les-Pins than Cannes, and Captain Molyneux's almost-as-celebrated home is near Monte Carlo, but there is much "va-et-vient" this season because Helena, Duchess of Manchester has taken the Molyneux villa, and her cook is the best on the coast according to Lady Mendl, who, having written a cookery book, ought to know! Good food appeals to Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, seen lunching "à quatre" with Mr. Gordon Selfridge and one of his daughters.

Families and Diamonds

LEADING family lives at Monte Carlo are the Lattas with their son and daughter, and the Vernon Tates with her eldest girl, Mrs. Mervyn Taylor. Mrs. Tate's new diamond rivière was one of the most splendid jewels at the Easter gala. Another magnificent display of diamonds belonged to the new Mrs. Cornelius Dresselhuys, whose husband has been such a popular man-about-London for years. She was a great American heiress—Lorraine Manville. They are on honeymoon.

Also at Monte Carlo, where I saw them dining with Sir Courtauld Thomson, were Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Thomas. His brother won the Grand National with Royal Mail. Major and Mrs. Douglas Faulkner are another attractive couple there. She is the Duchess of Gloucester's first cousin, and he is in the Irish Guards. Their young son's christening was a fairly recent event attended by the Scott clan.

Back from the Bahamas

A STILL-YOUNG aquiline young man flying down the staircase to take a bow and a bow, again and again, Douglas Byng excels himself once more, first as a Coronation Mayoress and then as Queen Elizabeth. The latter impersonation is so perfect it might be Flora Robson, until the nonsense cabaret stuff begins.

Occupying sofa-tables on his opening night at the Café de Paris were the Earl of Macduff, with a pretty girl in a stiff, flowered tunic, the very lovely Miss Susan Bligh, with Mr. Profumo. She flew to Berlin for Easter, so we hear, and did the Germans sit up when they saw a really unmade-up English beauty (cosmetics are taboo)!

The Ralph Cobbolds, Mr. Nigel Tangye, and Miss Micki Hood (film star in embryo) were among those who graced the floor that night. Glancing upwards to the balcony, we realised that Lord and Lady Plunket are back from their wanderings. They looked brown and well after Nassau and the Bahamas, and waved a greeting to many welcoming friends.

Titian-haired Sisters

THE most interested and interesting people in the audience at Grosvenor House on the opening night of the new cabaret were the auburn-haired wife and sister-in-law of the compère of the show, Vic Oliver. Mr. Winston Churchill's daughters both possess the dazzling white skin and large blue eyes that are all too rarely seen with Titian hair. Brown eyes and freckles are the usual accompaniment.

The show is excellent, marred for us only by one tiny incident. Being confessed cranks on the subject of animal-loving, we wish Gali-Gali would release his chickens after their first appearance. We cannot feel that the lining of his striped silk robe is the ideal coop in the eyes of a baby hen. Also they seem so very small and frail to be disposed about the pockets of the most unsuspecting members of the male audience. If a live chick is so cheap, why is a poussin on a plate such a fantastic price?

The Aristocrats (dancers) and a trio of acrobats are among the best turns we have ever seen; while the blonde Mildred Monson warbles enchantingly into the "mike."

Enchanting Budapest

A VISIT to Louis le Breton's exhibition of landscapes and flower paintings at the Brook Street Galleries helped to strengthen a lifelong desire to visit Budapest.

His pictures of that romantic Hungarian town are charming, and drew us to them like a magnet without even a glance at the catalogue.

The flat-roofed beige buildings on the banks of the grey, rippling river and the dark blue-blackness of the trees in the foreground are enchanting. His flower pictures, too, are charming, our favourite being white tulips.

A Marvellous Institution

MAKE a note of the fact that on April 14th the Curzon Cinema is presenting its star picture of the year—Julien Duvivier's remarkable film, *Pepe le Moko*. The entire proceeds of this gala performance are to go to Mrs. Dudley Ward's Feathers Clubs for Children, a marvellous institution that brings happiness into the grim lives of hundreds of poor little inhabitants of the slums.

Mrs. Dudley Ward and her two daughters are indefatigable workers for this good cause, which is part of the Feathers Club Association, of which the Marquis of Willingdon is president, the Earls of Derby, Dudley and Westmorland, Sir David Milne Watson, Lord Portal and Major the Hon. J. J. Astor vice-presidents.

MISS PEEPS

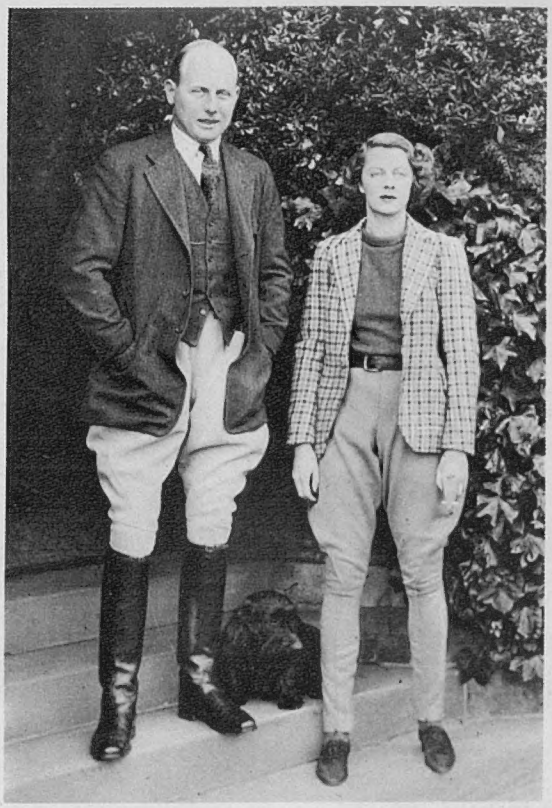
Engaged Couples and a Paris Wedding

Lord William Scott, M.P., and Lady Rachel Home

Were at the Buccleuch meet at Synton Mossend, the first meet for a month owing to bad weather. Lord William Scott, the Duke of Buccleuch's brother, and Lady Rachel Douglas-Home, the Earl of Home's daughter, are being married on April 20th, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Lord Carew and Lady Sylvia Maitland

Were at a Scottish point-to-point—the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire—at Oakridge, West Lothian. She is the Earl and Countess of Lauderdale's only daughter. They announced their engagement a month or two ago



The Hon. Harry McGowan and Miss Carmen Cory

Have decided on a St. Margaret's, Westminster, wedding on April 27th. He is Lord McGowan's elder son, and she is the younger daughter of the late Sir Herbert Cory and Elizabeth Lady Cory. They were just going out riding from Coryton, Lady Cory's house near Cardiff

The Hon. Patrick Seely and Miss van Haeften

Were at the wedding of his cousin, Mr. Nigel Seely, to Miss Isabella Rieben. He is Lord Mottistone's second son, and she is the daughter of Baron van Haeften and Lady Ley, Sir Gordon Ley's wife. They announced their engagement last month

Lord and Lady Ashley

Arriving at the Ritz Hotel in Paris after their quiet wedding at Neuilly-sur-Seine. Lady Ashley was Mlle. Francoise Soulier, of Rouen. She is Lord Ashley's second wife; his first, Sylvia Hawkes that was, is now Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 14: Max Baer

WHEN I told Max Baer that he had the mind of an American chorus girl who knew all the questions and all the answers he replied, "Yeh, but I wrote my own script. Besides they sue and I 'm sued." Which only goes to prove that Max can wisecrack as well as any Folly. It was twenty-eight years ago in Nebraska that the ex-heavy-weight champion of the world first saw the light of day, his father having an even bigger spread of shoulders and his mother being a big woman, too.

Baer Senior was a keen amateur boxer, and frequently worked out with Tom Sharkey and the Tipton Slasher. In private life he was a cattle-buyer for Swift and Co., and later owned a ranch of his own.

At first young Max worked in the meat market, then he graduated to a foundry where he manipulated a crane for twenty-five dollars a week. But one day he saw that he could earn thirty-five dollars for a single fight—against Chief Caribou. Max promptly knocked him out in the second round and thus became a professional fighter—first crack out of the bag. Within a few months he was meeting class boxers, and in his forty-eighth fight he became the champ., with a record of K.O.s which has rarely been equalled. His sensational defeat by Joe Louis ensued. Max's alibi for this is that he had worn only six-ounce gloves in all his exhibition matches with the result that his hands were damaged.

There certainly seems little doubt that he will destroy Tommy Farr at Harringay on April 15th. Max has the longest reach of any boxer in the U.S.A. with the exception of his gigantic young brother Buddy—no less than 81½ inches. His height is 6 ft. 2½ in., though he looks taller and he will come into the ring at 213 lb.

UNTIL he was twenty years old Max never smoked a cigarette or drank alcohol, and even then his reason for doing so was because Frankie Campbell, a promising heavy-weight, died as a result of one of his punches.

Max's reputation as a playboy is easy to explain. The authorities at Madison Square Garden, who control the heavy-weight situation in the U.S., had billed Dempsey as a killer, Tunney as a scholar, and Carnera as an alp. Max had to have some label, and that of "playboy" was immediately suggested by his exuberance. That "playboy" developed into "clown" was Max's own fault. But he is a good-looking chap and the heavy-weight championship title alone is enough to go to anybody's head.

My own theory is that his wife, the former Mary Ellen Sullivan, must have improved him a great deal in the two years of their marriage. For Max is on his very best behaviour, training hard and determined to make a real come-back. His only regret is that he has no children; his ambition is to regain the title; his passion is apple pie; his philosophy is pleasantly cynical; his weakness is a glass of sherry; his handicap at golf is six; and his reputation is that he is still the fastest heavy-weight in the world.

Charles Graves

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Katharina and Petruchio (Edith Evans and Leslie Banks) and interested onlooker (Mark Daly)

"The Taming of the Shrew" (New)

ALTHOUGH it has often been said that *The Taming of the Shrew* is just so much horseplay, it must not be forgotten that there are horses and horses. And whether the play of the horses in this thwacking comedy is the play of such horses as we find in Christmas pantomimes, with a boy for the fore-legs, and another boy for the hind-legs, is open to more than serious doubt—it is open to flat denial. Mr. Claud Gurney's production at the New Theatre will be remembered by those unfortunate enough not to be able to forget it for the pantomime horse on which Miss Edith Evans is childishly dumped and which subsequently, the stage being cleared of all mere Shakespearean lumber, executes a solo dance to orchestral accompaniment specially written for the occasion by Mr. Richard Addinsell. It only needs Mounsewer Eddie Gray to come on with his whip to confirm the suspicion that the producer is ready to do anything to evoke laughter rather than make the most of the material the piece provides.

ALL night long at the New Theatre one feels that *The Taming of the Shrew* has been produced on the assumption that it is not a good play and that something must be done about it. But there is only one thing to do about a play that is not a good play, and that is not to produce it. Every play has its rights. *Hamlet* is no more sacrosanct than *Charley's Aunt*. The job of a producer is to convey the author's original intention to the audience, no matter whether the author be William Shakespeare or Brandon Thomas.

If Mr. Gurney does not believe this, I can only advise him to write a play himself and then, when he comes to produce it, see whether he doesn't agree with me after all. If, on the other hand, he agrees with me already, what does he mean by putting Katharina into a bed that isn't in the script and bringing on a lot of spooks that are not in the *dramatis personæ*? What does he mean by making Christopher Sly butt into the proceedings (as Rafe butts into *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*) and take on the part of the Pedant? What does he mean by introducing a Spanish dance with castanets? But anything may be expected of a producer who arranges that, when the three couples in *The Taming of the Shrew* make their final wedding-night exit through three curtains, they shall then thrust their hands through the folds and put out six pairs of boots and shoes for the night. This, if not the worst, is, I think, the *commonest* thing I have ever seen done in any Shakespearean production.

THE violent, gaudy and over-elaborate décor by Miss Doris Zinkeisen is another side-show that serves to distract rather than concentrate attention on the real business of the piece. That Mr. Arthur Sinclair as Christopher Sly, Mr. George Howe as Baptista and Mr. Mark Daly as Grumio should manage to register capital performances is, in the circumstances, doubly creditable. The Petruchio of Mr. Leslie Banks stumbles bravely through obviously unfamiliar surroundings. As for Miss Edith Evans, if the middle stages of her conversion are only quite well done, she opens magnificently like a Shrew who jolly well ought to be tamed, and the sooner the better, while her final speech is superbly spoken. I would go many miles to hear that again. But not, just now, to the New Theatre.

Sketches by Rouson

Christopher Sly puts on airs and a counterpane: Arthur Sinclair

Frederick Lloyd as Gremio

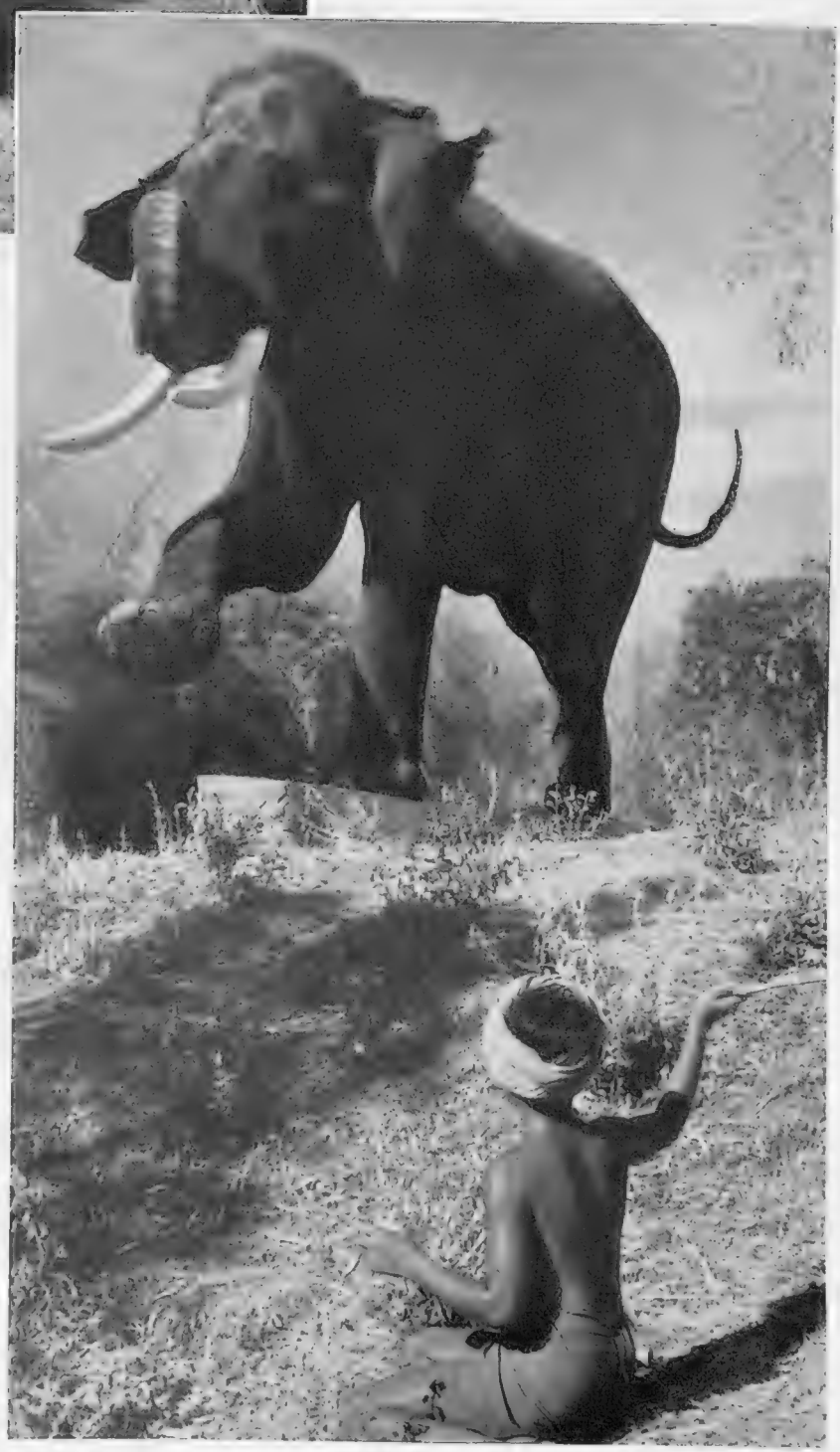
"Elephant Boy"

A Jungle Epic on the Screen

Zoltan Korda, Alexander's brother and art director of London Films, joined Robert Flaherty in the direction of *Elephant Boy*, which has its premiere at the London Pavilion to-night in aid of the Westminster Housing Association. Large portions of the films were shot in India, and the cast, headed by thirteen-year-old, jungle-born Sabu, includes some raging herds of wild elephants as well as several tame ones. Walter Hudd plays Petersen, Alan Jeayes plays Muchua Appa, and it looks as if justice has been done to the film's original, Kipling's *Toomai of the Elephants*

Toomai at His Father's Funeral

Toomai in the Temple



Toomai and a Friend

The Club Man

(1) White's *(Continued)*

Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, Bt., *racehorse owner in a big way and chairman of British-American Tobacco, is probably White's richest member. A family man, he likes a gamble as relaxation. Lives appropriately near Ascot. His colours, green and white, are on the front of Badminton*

Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, Bt.

Lord Glanely

Lord Glanely, *bluff, philanthropic magnate, is a portly racing figure who has had great good luck and bad. He lives at Newmarket, and Chepstow, prettiest course in the West, is another of his home meetings. Enjoys racing, a good joke, a good dinner and an occasional two-step at the Savoy*

Mr. Hubert Martineau

Mr. Hubert Martineau *used to have a couple of horses, but taking a cricket XI. to Egypt in spring, presiding over St. Moritz Bobsleigh Club in winter, and shooting Yorkshire grouse have crowded racing out. Was in the Household Brigade and badly hit*

Viscount Gough

Viscount Gough, *who was in the Irish Guards, lost his arm in the war. This does not prevent him riding, shooting and fishing better than most. For once "keen angler" really applies. Has merry Irish eyes and looks his sporting best as Starter at Hawthorn Hill*

The Earl of Haddington *is not much of a "clubman," as he lives in Scotland, but, like all members of White's, his tastes are "très sport." "Geordie" has ridden at Aintree and won 'chases at Perth. A very diffident nobleman, he has no trace of "side"*

Sir Hugo de Bathe, Bt., *is one of the best-looking men of his age, or any age. He has kept that schoolboy zest and figure. The South of France is decorated by his debonair presence most of the year. Answers only to "Shughie." Heir is nephew "Kit" de Bathe*

Mr. Alfred Duff Cooper, *who writes competent biography, has had an inside view of contemporary historical drama. Possibly a future Prime Minister; certainly an able Parliamentarian. Not afraid of work, he is the least-devitalised remnant of the war generation*

Mr. David Heneage *was in the Navy, then the Grenadiers, and now Fortnum and Mason. He is the most equable and kindly of the younger racing men, amusing and easily amused. It is impossible to imagine him rattled or other than a thoroughlygoodcompanion*

Mr. Eric Martin Smith, *who won the Amateur Championship in 1931, has been a North Berwick Beau Brummel for years. A gay young man, he plays in the big-money club tournaments and works in the City*

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

WAIT for it, sweethearts. It won't be long now before the gossip boys are in full-throated chorus, like a flock of cockeyed nightingales, marvelling at London's headlong gaiety and glittering night-life, and wondering why on earth people ever go to those Continental places.

If you think we 're wilfully exaggerating, let us remind you that only a few nights ago one of the boys announced excitedly in an evening paper that increasing numbers of Parisians, aching for real fun, were forsaking their own dull city and flying every week-end to London—and what d' you think of that for a flight of boyish fancy, tra la, tra la, or is it just Spring in the blood ? Or is it, as many of us reputable citizens of the frowsy capital of Empire charitably assume, excusing these outbursts to foreigners, merely that the boys are one-over-the-eight at the time of writing ? Or are they just in teasing mood ? Though he 's too polite to say so, one or other of these possible explanations is obviously lurking at the back of the mind of Dr. Karl von Stutterheim, London correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, who has just been looking carefully for London's night-life and finds, as might be expected, that it 's limited " to those who can afford £5 or more for an evening's entertainment," and that the average Londoner who wants a drink after the theatre, poor sap, has to gulp it down in haste before the hovering waiter clears bottles and glasses away, and then has nowhere to go except to bed. The Doctor doesn't say anything about the bottle-party clubs which are mitigating conditions only the English would endure, and he doesn't seem to know of Mr. O'Brien's ingenious new experiment, the All-Night Bar, where you order drinks literally by the gallon and consume them in fractions. (Oh, yes, the police will be bringing a test-case on that before long, too.) He 's concerned chiefly with London's gay, mad offerings to revellers of average income, which are obviously *nil*.

That won't affect the gossip boys, who 'll be turning on the Wonderful London tap any day now. Most people say they don't believe a word of it. In our opinion that 's a bit harsh. They know *au fond* that their assertions are just playful pishposh, but the dumb receptiveness of the print-doped mob reacts on 'em till they really begin themselves to think there may be something in it—that 's our explanation. Psychologists have a technical word for it, which we forget. It 's an odd phenomenon.

Rubberneck's Lure

ONE of the advantages we owe to the Internal Combustion Engine is the increasing facility with which the rubberneck population can be rushed immediately to any point in the country where its presence is required. The Dean of Ely waxed very wroth the other day about the hundreds of thousands of sightseers who have been pouring into the Fen country by car, motor-bus, and motor-cycle, interfering with the work of the flood-fighters and looking, said the Dean, " like a lot of geese more than human beings. These wretched creatures," added their reverend critic, " have not the slightest desire to help. Their only desire seems to be to get in the way." From which tirade you perceive that the indignant Dean has pierced to the very fundamentals and marrow—the essential guts, as Kipling would say.

To expect help of a rubberneck is at once absurd and wounding to his (or her) susceptibilities. On the South Coast recently, a marine promenade was lined three deep with wooden faces looking at two men trying to help a man being swept out to sea. The coroner later asked one of these faces why it had just stuck there looking on, and this ridiculous question took it completely aback. There was no answer, obviously. The coroner was confusing the rubberneck population with the entirely dissimilar fan population, which stampedes after film-actresses and is very active. It wasn't a rubberneck crowd who, as Noël Coward reminds us in his recent memoirs, turned the first night of *Sirocco* into a raving bedlam and rushed round afterwards to the stage-door to spit madly at the author. It was a crowd of fans of the British Drama. A rubberneck contingent stood behind them, staring in silence and making no move. Had Mr. Coward been murdered on the spot, as was highly possible from all accounts, your true rubberneck would never have moved a muscle, being content to look on and showing no sign of life save, perhaps, that characteristic dribbling at the lips and that occasional blinking of the boiled eyes which distinguishes the rubberneck from the owl.

Not so long ago, if there was a juicy bungalow murder in, say, Sussex, and a good railway accident in, say, Yorkshire, the rubberneck had to make an agonised choice, and often regretted whichever it was. Soon aeroplanes will make all Britain his parish.

" Then, Madam, the chaffinch calls to his *mate like this "*

Telephone Talks: No. 4

" Do look in if you can, dear, we 've got Max Baer coming for drinks "

Birdie Trouble

In St. James's Park we paused a moment to watch the Office of Works keeper and his men waging war on the pigeons. The damage done by these foul, fat birds makes it imperative for the numbers to be kept down, to the great indignation of the old ladies who carry bags of crumbs and popcorn and stand defiantly behind the keeper and his assistants, shooing the birdies away. Not that the birdies need much shooing. They 're cunning and cynical, they know exactly what all that elaborate scattering of corn near the trap means, and they 're as great a pest as the grey squirrels in Regent's Park, who also have platoons of old ladies to make shrill protests in their behalf. We didn't wait to see which side was winning, nor if the Office of Works had issued emergency orders to trap the old ladies as well.

It seems that some bird-lovers don't love the birdies as they should, according to a member of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds who rose at their recent annual meeting in London and flayed some of those present. We find after enquiries that his remarks were aimed at a small group of members of the R.S.P.B. who joined under the impression that it was a society for protecting people from birds, and are now rather bitter. Our feathered friends harass and persecute these unfortunates all day long. They spend their lives either leaping into taxis or crouching anxiously in baths, their noses just above water, ready to dive at the first flutter of wings. Some of them complain of guinea-hens, some of wagtails. Their hunted expression and their liability to spin round suddenly with a wild scream of " Birds ! " debar them from a lot of social life. The strain of modern conditions is mostly to blame. City men and scientists, psychiatrists say, are most susceptible to this articular form of persecutory paranoia. In extreme cases, the victim believes that birds attack him owing to the machinations of friends, to whom he is at the same time affectionate and bitterly hostile (ambivalence). The normal narcissus-fixation of business men and scientists of course intensifies this.

Tzigane

On every open road and rolling heath the wide world over, earrings are clashing, white teeth are gnashing, fierce gypsy eyes are flashing at the news that thieves broke into the expensive Warsaw apartment of Mathias Kwiek, the Polish gypsy king, the other day, and stole his gold crown, and shot at him twice.

This eminent Romany chal is worth more than £30,000, by all accounts, and obviously hasn't much use nowadays for the sky, the stars, or the wind on the heath, brother. Many modern gypsies are of this opinion. We shall never forget once picking up a Romany sign at a crossroads in Touraine as we were hastening to a rendezvous with our tribal chief. It was the usual patteran, or cross-tied arrangement of twigs and wild flowers, highly significant to a Romany eye, and it told us instantly that the chief had taken the high road to the Ritz, Paris ; which message was indeed made all the clearer by the words " *Bar or Room* 67," written on the half-sheet of Ritz notepaper attached. The caravans thereupon set off, and we found our swarthy chief, dressed for dinner, splitting a magnum of Pol Roger in the bar with his stockbroker. Asked his opinion of the open road, he said it was perfectly lousy. Asked if he was dining that night off the usual hedgehog baked in clay, he said was he hell, he was dining at Voisin's. The Polish gypsy king seems to be equally sensible.

The reason so many of us have given up the old wild habit of sleeping under the stars, rolled in a blanket, is that personal freshness has become rather an issue with us. Women novelists don't put our kind of gypsy into books. Anyhow, we 'd rather be despised than dirty, and that 's why we live in service flats, like Mathias Kwiek.

" Say, if that 's the Acropolis, where are the four horsemen? "

With a Yo, Heave Ho!

THE coming-of-age dinner of the Goat Club the other night, with Admiral of the Fleet Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt as guest of honour, must evoke for large numbers of chaps the agreeably eighteenth-century air of romance surrounding the Goat Club's foundation. Most people know how, in 1915, when the Admiralty prohibited naval officers in uniform from visiting licensed premises, the lady of the Goat Tavern in Stafford Street, Piccadilly, known to and admired by every ward and gunroom in the entire Navy as "Bobby," wrote to Their Lordships asking if she mightn't form a club to keep "my huge family" together; how Their Lordships gracefully bowed to the lady's wishes; and how the Goat Club started in Regent Street, to the great content of 2000 officers of H.M. ships of war and, undoubtedly, to the great vexing of an almost equal number of enemy spies. Membership has since fallen to 400, including 25 privileged members, and Commander W. S. Carson is asking for more support.

Nobody has yet thought of "improving" the Goat Tavern, happily, so the first floor lounge where the Navy first met retains its old-fashioned cosiness and that club-like atmosphere afforded by oil-paintings, carpet, and (real coal) fire place. No other West End pub. during the war got itself associated so exclusively with such a fine body of men, and nothing of its kind exists nowadays except the Bolivar Bar behind the Langham, where the B.B.C. boys gather; if you like that sort of company.

The town wits and literary gents used to make a club of the Red Lion, up a Fleet Street court, which often had the Mermaid Tavern whacked for fun and nonsense. When the *London Mercury* moved they drifted away, and at the present moment drink morosely in small groups scattered over half-a-dozen Fleet Street bars, regretting the storied past, and boring each other rather a lot. The last attempt at collecting and localising them was a group called the Rats' Club, which met at the Devereux, and was so named because everybody ratted instinctively from the very beginning. A. G. Macdonell was the first Rat never to turn up at any of these gatherings, beginning with the opening rendezvous. What he didn't know, as it happens, was that nobody else was there either. It's difficult to keep the average club going in such circumstances, but the Rats still flourish, never seeing each other from one year's end to another. In many ways it's an ideal arrangement.

Ju-Ju

ONE of the most reasonable offers which has met our glazing eye in the ad. columns of the Press for some time, is that of a half-crown gold-plated, heart-shaped amulet of great power, containing "9 drops guaranteed and certified from one of England's most famous wishing-wells." This gives the purchaser 9 wishes, and several married ladies have already written saying they're delighted and amazed. There are as yet no testimonials, we observe, from our humbler, fuzzier brethren of the African Bush, who go in so strongly for such things. This seems to be a bit of reflection on the paper's circulation manager. One would have thought he'd have demanded a free amulet by now and wished up his African circulation between drinks at the Falstaff.

It's high time now that somebody opened a Voodoo Institute in London. The strain of modern conditions and the tendencies of Modern Thought alike demand it. The charms and mascots and amulets to which inhabitants of these islands are increasingly pinning their faith are all very well in their way, but they're not big enough medicine, and however much reactionary White governments may try to stamp out Voodoo in its native swamps, it would certainly find a home in England. It's just a question, experts tell us, of finding enough goats—not to swell the congregation, but goats for the sacrifice and the blood-drinking which follow the hypnosis, the epileptic trance, the Turkey Dance, and the invocations to Damballa, Ayida, and Ybo.

A leading Voodoo divine, Papa Booboo, is now in London negotiating for a temple. He's a fine type of exalted Oriental mystic, bronzed, ascetic, and instinct with mystery. To an interviewer the other day, Papa Booboo said: "I guess we're all set to put over a noo message in a big way. We been keeping tabs on your dames. We figure they got a real spiritool crave. Okay, then, right here's where they line up for the hand-out—am I right, baby?" "You certainly are, Bugs," smiled the eminent divine's pretty wife, Mrs. "Bugs" Zeizler, known to her many Chicago friends as Tiger Baby. **D. B. Wyndham Lewis**

"My husband thinks of everything! The new car, the country cottage, the cruise—and now this!"

Films of the Day

"The Good Earth": By George Campbell

If the late Irving Thalberg had wanted a memorial, I fancy *The Good Earth* is what he would have chosen. Hollywood's ace producer had genius of a kind, and here it shines most brightly. *Smilin' Through* had a facile sentimentality that delighted millions; *Mutiny on the Bounty* had more spectacle and action; *Romeo and Juliet* more poetry. But for sheer audacity and imagination, *The Good Earth* is the greatest film Thalberg ever made.

They say it cost £500,000. I dare say it did—and I am judging not merely by what you see on the screen, but even more by what you do *not* see. Here is no conventional essay in *chinoiserie*—not a pagoda, not a temple, not even one of those little bridges whose curves give a gracious beauty to the Chinese rural scene. True to the spirit of Pearl Buck's novel, Thalberg gets right down to earth. The picture tells the story of two obscure, ignorant, rather dirty peasants—and tells it so skilfully, with such superb characterisation and choice of telling incident, that at the end you feel you know all there is to know about Wang and the unforgettable O-Lan. You feel you know more. You know all China. And when you substitute unemployment for famine, bankruptcy for locusts, a de luxe adultery at Deauville for Wang's passion for the unfaithful little dancer, you feel you have seen not merely China but the world of Berkeley Square and Chipping Norton. You have looked into the souls of Everyman and Everywoman.

I don't mind admitting now that when *The Good Earth* was announced I couldn't help remembering what Hollywood had done to plenty of other characters in fiction, and Orientals in particular. I had acute misgivings. I am happy to report that they are groundless. Miss Rainer's lovely young Viennese face is so cleverly made up that she would pass with most people for a Chinese: her clothes, ill-fitting jacket, tubular trousers habitually worn half-mast, shapeless shoes, are the clothes of the ordinary Chinese peasant. Thalberg and the director, Sidney Franklin, have tried to show a beauty wholly spiritual, and their courage has been rewarded. The life and death of poor little drably-dressed O-Lan is one of the most moving things ever screened—ten times as effective as the end of the lovely Garbo in the classic tear-jerker, *Camille*.

O-Lan, when you first meet her, is a slave in the kitchen of a great house. Skilfully Miss Rainer suggests the mentality and bearing of a girl accustomed to being despised and beaten, her utter incredulity on finding that her husband means to treat her as a human being. Time passes; O-Lan does right by her husband and confounds her enemies in the kitchen by bearing a son and then another, only blotting her copybook a trifle when she produces a half-witted daughter. She stands by her husband in drought and famine, works as faithfully as an ox, and as dumbly, by his side, and encourages him to cling to his land when she and the whole family are at death's door through starvation. The sequences in the city to which they migrate in quest of work and food are told tersely and dramatically—the looting scene is masterly—and there is almost unbearable pathos in the scene where Wang, now rich, takes away the pearls that O-Lan has treasured too much to wear and tells her he is marrying the dancer.

I had prepared myself for a final death scene, set quietly in a minor key, when Thalberg and Franklin sprang their greatest surprise—the plague of locusts. You have read about locusts blotting out the sun. In *The Good Earth* you see them. The farmers, faced with ruin, try to beat them back with fire, with a ditch, with a tremendous banging of tins; Wang, with the doomed O-Lan fighting to the end by his side, tries to destroy them with his hands. Then the wind changes: the plague is swept away, and once more Wang is saved.

It is no injustice to Paul Muni to say that, story apart, *The Good Earth* would be remembered for the acting of Miss Rainer. Like Mr. Muni, she won a medal for the best acting performance of 1936. Unless something extraordinary happens, she has already qualified for the medal for 1937. Tilly Losch plays Lotus, and a strong cast also includes Walter Connolly, Charles Grapewin, and Jessie Ralph.

In *Dark Journey* Victor Saville tells a dramatic story of espionage in the Great War. The scene is Stockholm, almost entirely populated with German, French, and English secret agents, with a Swedish magistrate thrown in for local colour. Lajos Biro, who wrote *Hotel Imperial*, *The Last Command*, and other successes, not to mention most of the scenarios for Korda, has introduced some ingenious devices used by spies for passing on information, and Mr. Saville has kept the action moving. Conrad Veidt makes a distinguished German agent; Vivien Leigh, representing France, naturally falls in love with him, and Anthony Bushell looks after English interests, so far as he is given a chance.

"The Good Earth"

The superb acting of Luise Rainer and Paul Muni as the Chinese slave girl and the small farmer who marries her in "The Good Earth" are discussed on this page. The late Irving Thalberg's production for the screen of Pearl S. Buck's novel is one of the great films that stand like rare milestones above the flood of good, bad, and indifferent pictures. It was directed by Sidney Franklin, who directed "Smilin' Through" for Thalberg, and photographed brilliantly by Karl Freund. It is now being shown at the Palace

Roye

Ena Burrill in "The Road to Rome"

Amytis is the gay, intelligently frivolous wife that Robert E. Sherwood produced for Hannibal in his comedy of history, and Ena Burrill is playing the part in the present revival at the Savoy. She gives a most accomplished performance, particularly when the lady is permitting the serious side of her character to outdo the flippant. Last time *The Road to Rome* was on in London Ursula Jeans took the part, but only a few people saw her do it, since the play only ran five nights. From that day to this playgoers have bewailed their folly in missing so brilliant and amusing a comedy, not the less after *Reunion in Vienna* and *Tovarich* gave them the habit of enjoying Sherwood's dialogue. *The Road to Rome*, incidentally, ran for weeks to packed houses when it was produced in New York

C.F.H.

Norman Parkinson

The Miner's Wife

If ever a woman's face had tragedy's imprint on it, this South Wales miner's wife is that woman. She was photographed by Norman Parkinson during his recent visit to the South Wales Special Area (more pictures by him are on the next two pages); he guessed her age as something over seventy, but she told him she was only fifty-four

"Special Area"—South Wales: From Old Despair

Street Scene in Industrial Wales

The small girl and her smaller sister live, with their parents and brothers, in a basement room. The cold dreary little street offers the only accommodation for the children's out-of-school hours. When the photograph was taken, there was still snow on the hills and piled in the gutters

House Front — Merthyr Tydfil

This derelict shop stands in Merthyr Tydfil's main street. Next door there is a shop still open—for the sale of blankets and provisions

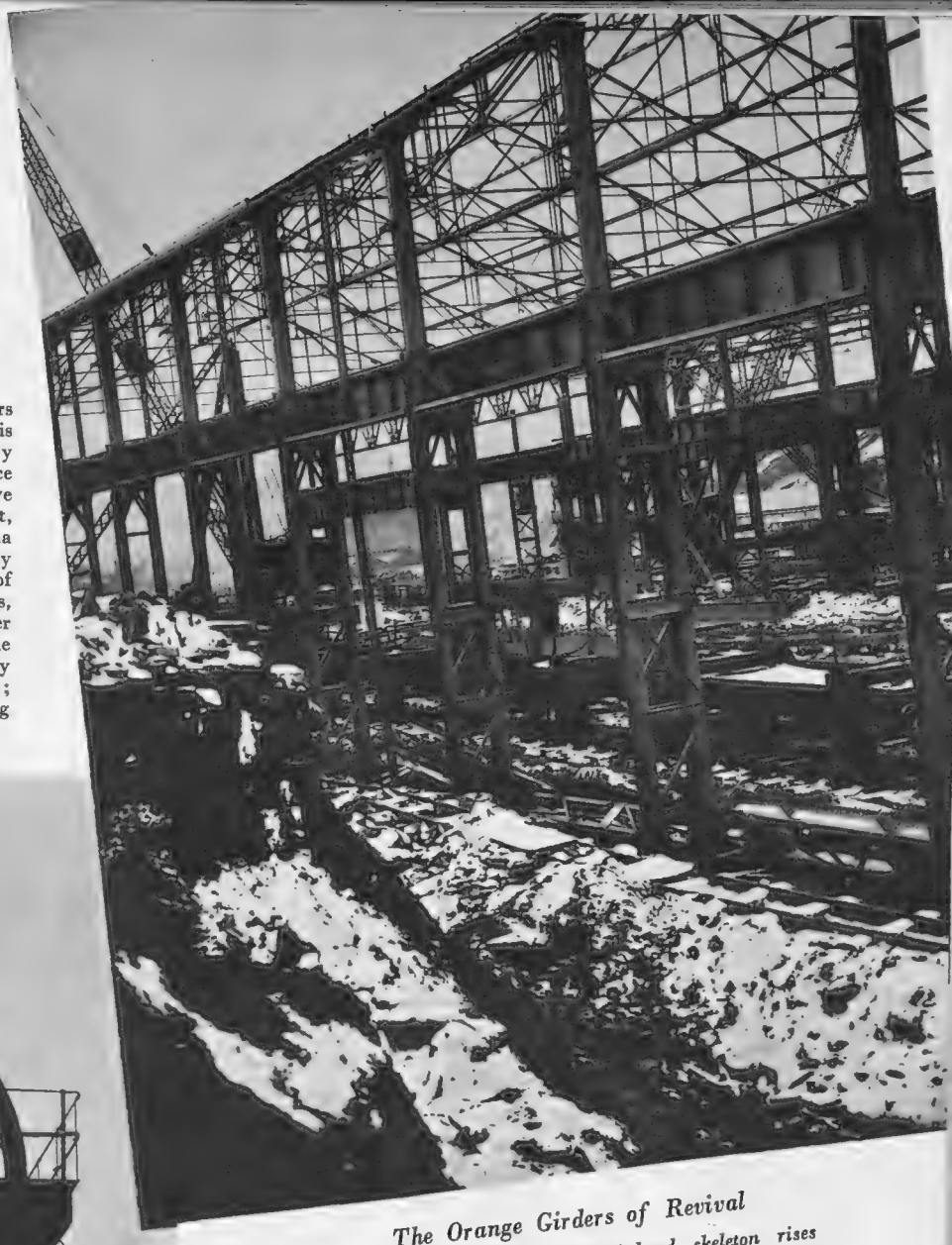
Right: the Dowlais Steel Works

The huge derelict plant at Merthyr Tydfil came into the news when Edward VIII. visited South Wales last November. After the war, prosperity vanished from the district; these works have been closed for many years, and most of the men employed there have been jobless for as long. The plant's size can be gauged by the crumbling houses at its base

— to New Hope

Pictures Taken for the "Bystander" by Norman Parkinson Showing the Darkest and the Brightening Side of the Long Depression

Valiantly, within the limited scope and with the small powers and funds allowed them, the Special Areas Commission is battling with the blackness of South Wales depression. By training centres for adults and children and by transference schemes, the numbers of unemployed men and women have here and there been reduced. A trading estate, Treforest, not far from Pontypridd, has been established. Propaganda speaks to the business man of labour, sites and services ready and waiting for his new works or factory. Clearance of derelict districts, of old slag-heaps and crumbling buildings, gives work, and to these narrow valleys a chance to recover the natural beauty that tourists will pay to look at. But the advocates of long-term nation-wide industrial planning say that nothing less will really solve the Special Areas' problems; and so far, unfortunately, they have not been proved wrong



The Orange Girders of Revival

When a glaring new orange-girdered skeleton rises above the valley, the unemployed men see hope again. This new factory is being erected in Ebbw Vale

The Wheel of Wales

Sign and symbol of a coalmine is the great wheel that carries the "cage" from surface to bottom

Right: the Pit Head

Steam at the pithead means that the wheels of Wales' employment are turning again

The Ebury (Martita Hunt): "Her hands especially . . . exquisite! If I could only teach her to use them as Duse used hers"

Norman (Naunton Wayne) proposes to Tony (Nora Swinburne): "Have I happened to mention that I love you? Well, I do! Now, let's hear from you"

Peter (Esmond Knight) to Joan (Diana Churchill): "You're grand, but I say, what a play! Norman Weldon says it ought to be called Sex and Sexability"

"Wise To-morrow"

Dramatic Cocktail at the Lyric

Left, Colley (Olga Lindo) to Peter (Esmond Knight): "I've a Shaw and a D. H. Lawrence . . . and a third letter. I wonder if you'd like to buy them for £200." "They aren't worth anything like that!" "But there's the third letter"

Below, Joan and Tony, discussing Norman (Diana Churchill, Nora Swinburne and Naunton Wayne): "Lecture by the professor on free will." "Knowing the professor, I'm surprised it isn't free love"

The Ebury (Martita Hunt): "You will, you will, darling. You have made me so radiantly happy"

Norman : " Do you mean strong like a lion or strong like an onion ? "

Norman (Naunton Wayne) to Colley (Olga Lindo)
" Plan ? Wait a minute. Have you got a plan ? "
" Well, it isn't exactly mine, it's Shakespeare's "

Joan (Diana Churchill), languidly to Colley (Olga Lindo) : " Very well, but Colley, have some other of the Press people there so that I can get it all over at once "

It gets the name " dramatic cocktail " because the author, Stephen Powys, has mixed two desirable stage ingredients—a strong plot, big with possibilities of real drama, and a generous flavouring of wisecracks that sometimes is too much for the balance of the draught. It has proved itself the sort of play that critics grumble over while the public swallows it whole. Most members of the cast manage to make their characters live—Martita Hunt as the slightly terrifying ex-actress, Olga Lindo as her near-male secretary, Diana Churchill as the impressionable young actress who comes into her clutches ; Nora Swinburne is the actress's sensible sister and Esmond Knight is her sensitive fiancé. Naunton Wayne especially, in his first straight part after years of successful compèring, makes a good thing óf a rôle that is strictly extraneous to the plot. Athole Stewart directed the production and Aubrey Hammond decorated

Below, Norman to Tony : " I 'll send Peter in to fix that. . . he mends things better than I do "

The Hon. Max Aitken and Mr. Hamar Bagnall

Lord Beaverbrook's elder son and Hamar Bagnall were two of the young men at Scheidegg who easily (for once) outnumbered the girls. Max Aitken skis bareheaded whatever the weather —and over Easter it snowed almost all the time

Spring Ski-ing at Scheidegg

The Earl of Chichester

Stayed at Wengen in Miss Miriam Rothschild's chalet. Last time he ski-ed, he said, was on his native Sussex Downs; his place is Stanmer, near Lewes

Mrs. Felicity Tonge

Spent her Easter ski-ing at Scheidegg where the only hotel was so full that people camped in the lounge and ate meals on the stairs. Mrs. Tonge was formerly Felicity Seddon

Mr. John Taylor and His Son

The John Taylors were a family party at Scheidegg. Peter, aged seven, is already a most efficient ski-er. His attractive mother appears elsewhere on this page

Right: Mr. "Patsy" Richardson was just setting out in a sharp snow shower. His ski-ing season includes every day he can possibly give it

Mrs. John Taylor and Miss Miriam Rothschild

Mrs. Taylor was out in Switzerland with her husband and small son. Miss Rothschild owns a chalet at Wengen and came up with her guests to Scheidegg to ski

Mr. Bushell and Miss Gilligan

Roger Bushell and Bridget Gilligan are both top-class ski-ers. She usually goes to St. Anton and has the coveted "Arlberg Gold" badge

Scheidegg—the Hotel, Terrace and Rink

Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis

Had come on from Cannes, and brought his seventeen-year-old daughter, Ardyn, with him

Miss "Toto" Koopman

Ski-ed in a skirt; she is always very neat and chic. The Easter Monday sun shone for her photograph

Battles, Barcelona

André Maurois—Friend and Now Historian of England

Ever since 1918, when Maurois' war experiences as interpreter attached to the B.E.F. produced *Les Silences du Colonel Bramble*, almost every book has added to the reputation gained by that masterpiece of insight. His novels are few but good, he has several philosophical essays to his credit, but he is best known (here, at any rate) for his shrewd and kindly understanding of the English, demonstrated in his biographies: *Ariel*, probably the only life of Shelley (or any poet) ever written without a line quoted from the subject's verse, was published in 1923, *The Life of Disraeli* in 1927, *Byron* in 1930, *King Edward and His Times* in 1933, and *Dickens* in 1934 (he had already published an essay on this subject in 1927). Other studies include Voltaire, Turgenev and Lyautez. Now Maurois has turned from parts to the whole and his *History of England*, which appeared this spring, covers a period from pre-Druid to the recent abdication, a big canvas which the author has covered with characteristically light but keen strokes. He is now engaged on a "strange novel in the style of Wells' earlier works," promised for the summer or autumn. He is a C.B.E., an honorary D.C.L. of Edinburgh and LL.D. of Princeton, an Officer of the Légion d'Honneur, has two sons and a daughter from his first marriage and another daughter from his second, lives at Neuilly-sur-Seine

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Portrait of Constance Cummings

At the moment she is in America with her husband, Benn Levy; they sailed before Easter on the Queen Mary with the almost complete Savoy cast of *Young Madame Conti*, in which Miss Cummings made her last London stage appearance. It gives her a good chance for her own style of intense acting, to which she adds a sure touch for rapid comedy, and New York ought to like it as much as London critics did, although its run was on the short side here. Constance Cummings has also been seen in two Gaumont-British films, *Seven Sinners* and *Strangers on Honeymoon*, lives in Church Street, Chelsea, and is on the look-out for a new play for London in the autumn

"Bystander" Short Story No. 83

The Scar : By Gerald Kersh

Illustration by C. F. Tunnicliffe

LAUGHTER is our way of expressing a feeling of superiority, or of keeping up an appearance of superiority. That is why we laugh when a man sits down in a puddle, and not when he wins the Irish Sweep. We find humour only in other people's misfortunes. For this reason, most comedians have, or simulate, some kind of deformity, like the queer knees of Little Tich, the nose of Jimmy Durante, the flat feet of Charlie Chaplin, and the insanity of Harpo Marx. We must be wretches : there are so many petty things to which we need to feel superior ! The unhappiest man laughs most. Thus, the deeper you go into society, the easier it gets to raise a laugh, until you come to the inexhaustible hysteria of the slums, and the toothy, savage laughter of the uttermost depths.

In Pio Busto's apartment house, where the off-scourings of the world meet in sombre, bug-bitten squalor, everybody laughs at everybody else ; but there is not much gaiety about this laughter. Busto laughed at Shakmatko, Karmesin laughed at Busto, I laughed at Karmesin, and we all laughed at a man called Wragg.

Wragg was one of those little people whom Nature seems to have designed in order to convince us that things might be worse—a tiny, fleshless, wispy man, more than sixty years old, and dressed in a suit of vivid plus-fours which had belonged to someone at least six stone heavier than himself. The shoulders of the jacket reached three or four inches down each arm, and the sleeves flapped like the wings of some ragged, fantastic bat, whenever he waved his hands. In place of a shirt he usually wore a sky-blue polo jersey, darned on the breast with red rug-wool. His plus-fours were so vast that he was able to strap them under the tops of a pair of ordinary black cotton socks, and his feet were encased in bizarre light grey shoes decorated with little blue hearts—survivals of the Brighter Clothes for Men craze of 1927.

It was easy to tell by his face that he had some connection with the stage. He had that pasty, leathery complexion which you may see in innumerable men who lounge at the doors of the agents' offices in Charing Cross Road : small fry of the old music halls, comedians who have bawled mildewed jokes and tuneless songs for forty years, between Morecambe and Margate, never earning more than the barest of livings. You could see, in the face of little Wragg, the vitiation of half a century of draughty dressing-rooms and the stuffiness and hot white gas-lights of grimy little theatres ; the ravages of many long fasts broken only by evil theatrical boarding-house cookery. You could perceive, in his interminable, rambling monologues, and the nervous hurry with which he forced the words out, the habit of desperate impromptu in the teeth of hostile audiences. His vocal chords, which had strained against the hissing of multitudes, seemed to have turned to frayed string : in order to force any sound out of them, he had to exert his entire body. Yet he never stopped talking, in an ingratiating tone, while his toothless mouth remained fixed in the mirthless grin of the half-starved "pro" whom the manager sternly orders to "look cheerful."

He picked up a livelihood, at this time, by tearing paper patterns in front of theatre queues ; but he was not strong enough in the fingers, and his patterns usually shook out into shapelessness. But this, in Wragg, had a humorous inevitability. Just as one expects the unsophisticated guest, in the film, to drink out of his finger-bowl, so one expected little Wragg to bungle his paper-tearing. Nobody laughed at Wragg's patter, but everybody laughed at Wragg.

"Monty Wragg, Versatile Comedian ; that 's me !"

He occupied a room next to mine. Like most of Pio Busto's tenants, he did not stay long ; he came and went, dragging with him down his dreary road a battered cardboard attaché-case with a string handle, and a disgusting old violin, black with dirt and white with resin, passionately clasped under his right arm. I got to know him through this instrument. He insisted on playing the opening bars of "The Blue Danube" on it over and over again one night when I was trying to go to sleep.

I protested. He shouted, "All you people know is the pub and the pawnshop—not good music !" I went into his room to argue the point, and saw him sitting up in bed and torturing the screeching strings with a milk-bottle, which he was using in place of a bow.

"See that ?" he said. "There 's only one man in the world who could do that, apart from myself, and he was Dan Gregory. He could play a Russian dance on the violin, and turn a somersault at the same time. Kreisler plays a couple of straight tunes and gets thousands for it. Dan Gregory gets nothing—and he could play the violin with a matchstick. But they don't appreciate art in this country. Pub and pawnshop, that 's all they know. Look at me ! You 've heard of Monty Wragg ? Monty Wragg, Versatile Comedian—that 's me. I used to do a double turn : 'Wragg and Bone'—a scream, I don't mind telling you. And they were real names. My partner's name was Agatha Bone. A great girl ! You can talk about your Greta Garbos : that girl had *talent*. You don't get girls like that now. She chucked up a great theatrical career when we were at the Heysham Palace of Variety to go into domestic service. She was a good cook, too. Listen to me, laddie : that girl could cook, she could do trick cycling stunts, she could sing, she could dance, she could play the cornet, she could do elocution—everything. What can Great Garbo do ? Now ask yourself, is it just . . ."

It was impossible to stop him. His tongue rattled on like clockwork for at least thirty minutes until he stopped to cough. I took that opportunity of saying :

"Well, I shan't be able to get to sleep yet after this. Come into my room and have a cup of tea."

He bounded out of bed and put on his trousers. As I put my kettle on the gas-ring and took a pork pie out of a paper bag, he watched me with hungry eyes. His mouth watered. He gulped once or twice, and then began again :

"Nice of you. Not many people would think of it. All they knowis pub and pawnshop. No hospitality : that 's a thing of the past in this country. Now when I was in Ostende it was 'Monsieur' this and 'Monsieur' that, and 'Do you find your bed comfortable, Monsieur

(Continued on page 32)

Mr. and Mrs. John North

The John Norths drank their morning drinks at the outdoor bar of the Carlton at Cannes. She was Evadne Olis before their marriage four years ago; they live in London, in Trevor Place, where so many young-marrieds keep house

Mr. and Mrs. John Redmayne

The John Redmaynes were Riviera honeymooners after their early-March wedding. She was Audrey D'Alton. They were watching the Grand Prix de Monte Carlo polo match at Cannes

Easter on the Riviera

Mrs. Renée Hansard and Her Daughter

Right: Mrs. Hansard and her daughter Gillian look very peaceful in the garden of Mrs. Hansard's Mougins villa, Lou Miracle. She has written several travel books, and a first novel, "Jack-in-the-Green," came out last year. Her father, the late Sir Henry Juta, was Lord Chief Justice in Capetown

Neat Suits for a Cool Day

Miss "Gigs" Macfarlane and her sister, Mrs. Felton Elkins, are with Princesse Michel Chervachidze at Monte Carlo; she was Yolande Jackson before her marriage last year. The Macfarlane sisters are English; had just returned from Burlinghame, California, where Mrs. Elkins lives with her American husband

Neighbours in Wiltshire

The Wiltshire trio on the Monte Carlo terrace are Miss Virginia Clark, Mr. Robert Harding, who has a lovely place near Salisbury, and Mrs. Jack Southey. Miss Clark is Mrs. Southey's daughter, a 1934 deb, and bridesmaid-to-be to Charmian Fane; she had just come on from Wengen

Seeing the Same Joke

The Hon. Michael and Lady Pamela Berry were at the Hotel du Cap, Eden Roc, for Easter. He played in the Cannes tennis tournament at the Beau Site

Mr. Bob Lebus and Mr. Felix King

Bob Lebus, who stayed with the Mendls for Easter, and Felix King were watching, from the Carlton bar, an Easter parade of cars along the Croisette at Cannes

Left: Miss Ivis Goulding was dancing with American Mr. Freddie Proctor. She is the sister of the famous film producer, Eddie Goulding; she had a big success in "Interference" as lead and producer when the Cannes Amateurs gave that play for charity last month

Dancing in Cannes

Mrs. Leverton and Mr. McEvoy

Mrs. Leverton was Nina Pearson, a Ziegfeld Folly beauty. Freddy McEvoy generally reaches the Riviera during the spring. He steered the Great Britain bob that won the World Championship at St. Moritz two months back

Mr. Bowater and Miss Perkins

Eric Bowater and Margaret Perkins are an engaged couple who spent Easter at Cannes. Mr. Bowater motored south from Calais in the large new car that gleams behind them

Mrs. George Munro Kerr

Waited on the Carlton terrace for her husband's return from Mougins golf. They live in London, in Norfolk Crescent

Comtesse d'Orleantorra

Has been staying in San Remo with her grandmother. Her family name is Windischgraetz; she is a great-grand-daughter of the late Kaiser Franz-Josef of Austria

Lady Stewart-Clark

Spent Easter at Monte Carlo with her husband and a big party. They live in Scotland; she is Mr. Arundell Clarke's sister

The Scar *(Continued from page 29)*

Wragg ? ' But here ? ' Ger ! Ger ! ', that 's all they can say. Some people look down on foreigners, but not me. We 're all brothers. I knew some people in Ramsgate, and they had a little boy of thirteen years old who did all the scrubbing while his mother carried on all day with fellers. Now . . ." He took a mouthful of pie, and swallowed it hastily. " No," he said, " they got no manners here. Savages, that 's what they are. Once, when I was at the Olympia, Hackney, a feller threw a ginger-beer bottle at me. Missed me by inches. And just look at this——"

He lowered his head, pulled aside his soiled white hair, uncovering a frightful scar which divided the top of his head. The bone underneath must have been indented to a depth of at least half an inch. I said to him :

" I 'm interested in scars. How did you get that one ? "

" I 'll tell you, if you like. That scar 's got a history ; an extra-ordinary history."

" Where did you get it ? War ? "

" War ? No, not this one. The war ? Ha, that was nothing ! No ; I got this one up in Yorkshire. I was unconscious two weeks with it, as true as I 'm sitting here. All my brains came out, almost. P'raps that 's why I 'm crazy now—ha, ha, ha ! Somebody done it with a butcher's cleaver."

" Fight ? "

" No—attempted murder."

" Over a woman ? "

" How did you guess ? You 'd hardly believe it, but I used to be much sought-after by women. You can take it from me : good looks and big chests don't carry no weight with the women. Charm, that 's what counts : personality and brains. I could talk to 'em. You 'd hardly believe it, but I could talk any woman off her feet in those days. They used to fall in love with me, head over heels. I could have had my pick of them."

" But you never married ? "

" No. I nearly did, once or twice. Once I was within a few days of going to the altar, but——"

" But you were going to tell me about that sca——"

" Oh, yes ! I was coming to that. Once I get talking I run on and on and get right away from the subject. Oh, yes. . . . Well, I was up in Yorkshire, in a little town called Hudford. See ? A proper little North Country town, where the people don't know a thing. You know, a population of about forty thousand, and hardly one of them had been to London in his life. I ask you ! Well, that was over twenty years ago, and I don't mind telling you I was somebody in those days. Three or four pounds a week on the average was nothing to me. I was in partnership with a feller called Walters, and we were putting over the famous Wragg and Walters' act—pretty hot stuff ; it brought the house down—a real bit of class. Well, as it happened, the manager of the Hudford Hippodrome kicked the bucket, and as they wanted somebody with brains and personality to take over, they made me a firm offer to take over the management : which I did. I got a very nice front room over a butcher's shop, with full board and laundry, for a pound a week, and settled down. I was somebody. Everybody used to point me out when I crossed the Circus, and all the mill-hands and yokels used to say, ' Good day to you, Mr. Wragg.' And I don't mind telling you, every blessed girl in the town fell for me like a ton of bricks. I was over forty—you wouldn't think I was over sixty now, would you ?—and something to look at. I used to go to church every Sunday, for the sake of appearances, and I got known.

" Well, among the girls who fell in love with me was a girl called Mary Curtis. She used to come along to church with her sister, a girl called Agnes, and I don't mind telling you she couldn't take her eyes off of me. They were both very nice girls, twins, about thirty-eight or thirty-nine years old and, although they looked pretty much alike, I never saw a pair of twins with such different characters. You know what I mean—you usually find that twin sisters think and dress similar ; but these two were as different as chalk from cheese. Mary was my type, a lovely girl ; big-built, nice shape, light, wavy hair, nice eyes, and full of life—bubbling over with it. She liked a bit of colour in her dress. The way she got herself up was quite stylish for a little town : blues and pinks, and silks and satins ; a nice enamelled watch ; hats that were something to *look* at. One of 'em had half a bird of paradise on it, and you don't get things like that for twopence-halfpenny. She liked a song and a dance, too, and wasn't keen on church and all that kind of thing—in fact, she only used to go for the sake of appearances, and to see me there.

" But the other one, Agnes, Gord bless me soul !—how different she was ! She could have made something of herself, but she preferred to look like a blooming school-teacher. Hair parted in the middle, and dragged right back into a bun as big as that teapot. Black dress, black gloves, black jet beads, black velvet band round her neck, and never a smile on her face. A proper misery. Well, I got to know Mary through her coming to the Hippodrome. I used to do a turn myself, and she used to take a one-and-sixpenny seat in the front row of the stalls, just to get a good look at me. She inspired me, I don't mind telling you. You don't get girls like that nowadays. All they know is lipsticks and picture-palaces—no reality about 'em. Nothing like that about Mary. She had intelligence. She wouldn't have given a ' thank you ' for your Clark Gables and your Joe E. Browns. She knew what was what. She appreciated genuine talent.

" We started going about a bit together, and I began to call at the house for tea. I don't mind telling you, I brought a bit of life into that house. I showed those girls a thing or two. I talked to 'em. I entertained 'em till you would have thought their eyes would have popped out. And I even got a laugh out of Agnes. Yes, I even made young Agnes smile, and you would have needed a blooming burglar's jemmy to bend up the corners of her mouth."

" It 's lovely, to make people laugh."

" Well, after a time Agnes took to me more and more until she even started coming to the Hippodrome every Monday evening, and the whole town started talking about it. You know what they are in these small towns—they 've got nothing better to do than talk, talk, talk. But I could see with half an eye that Agnes had fallen in love with me. It 's all very nice, having all these young women fall in love with you, but Agnes wasn't my type. It was Mary for me. I like women to have a bit of life in 'em, not blooming black beads and religion. But you know what women are. They can't help falling in love, and they can't fall in love without getting jealous. So the result was Agnes and Mary, who 'd got on together perfectly well up to then, they started bickering. I could see the coolness springing up between them until it made me uncomfortable to be with the two of 'em together. It sort of damped me down. There were silences. I 'm not used to silences—I like a bit of intelligent conversation. Then, when one day me and Mary announced to Agnes that we were going to get properly engaged, she gets up from the table, bursts into tears, and bangs out of the room.

" Yes . . ." said Wragg with a grin of pride, fishing in his hip pocket. " They used to lose their heads over me something terrible. This was me, then."

He threw down a faded photograph. I picked it up with interest, half-expecting to see some Casanova of the early twentieth century ; some Maurice Costello or Francis X. Bushman, or Haydn Coffin. I saw, instead, an ordinary, grinning, straw-hatted " professional," somewhat the worse for wear, and apparently not quite sober ; skinny, imbecilic, striking an attitude with a whangee cane against a cardboard column supporting a flower-pot.

" Very nice," I said. " Go on."

" Ah, yes. After that, they quarrelled in real earnest. I never saw anything like it—they just wouldn't have anything more to do with one another. Before I 'd come into their lives they used to go everywhere together, except that Mary used to go to the theatre oftener than Agnes, and Agnes used to go to church more regular than Mary. But now !, Gord bless my soul ! They were dead enemies. They avoided each other. Mary stopped going to church because she wouldn't share the same pew as Agnes. I had to keep it up, for the sake of my reputation in the town, and I used to see Agnes, with her nose on her prayer-book, never even looking in my direction. And whenever I went to the house to tea, Agnes would keep out of sight. She wouldn't sit at the same table with me and her sister. She just left us alone. Well, that suited me. But all this enmity upset Mary a good deal : she wanted to get away from it all. She said to me one day, she said : ' Let 's hurry up and get married, and get away from it all. Let 's get married quickly '—those very words. I didn't mind a bit. I was forty, and it was time I settled down. And Mary was a nice girl—bright, cheerful, nice-looking, a good housekeeper, and two hundred a year in her own right. Her old man had been a master builder. He built the Town Hall and the Library. Pots of money. She was a lovely girl. Her and Agnes had a

(Concluded on page x)

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Alexander

A hundred years ago, when Queen Victoria came to the throne, the house of Marshall and Snelgrove was founded in Oxford Street. Now they are celebrating their centenary at a time when the whole nation is rejoicing at the Coronation of Their Majesties King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth. An interesting account of this firm's career is included in a book they are issuing entitled, *The Throne of Britain*, by Claud Golding. It must not be thought, however, that because this is such an old-established house it has not followed modern developments. It is, in fact, ahead of the times, as is shown by the special centenary catalogue which will be sent gratis. New lifts and a stairway to the lower ground floor have been installed, while the entire building is being decorated with real flowers throughout the season. The restaurant, which is renowned for its excellent cuisine, has been redecorated and refurnished, while a dietician is in attendance to give advice on various menus. The lovely hat pictured above is designed for summer days and may be seen in these salons. It is carried out in gold hemp with a sweeping brim outlined in brown petersham

Suiting Your Suit

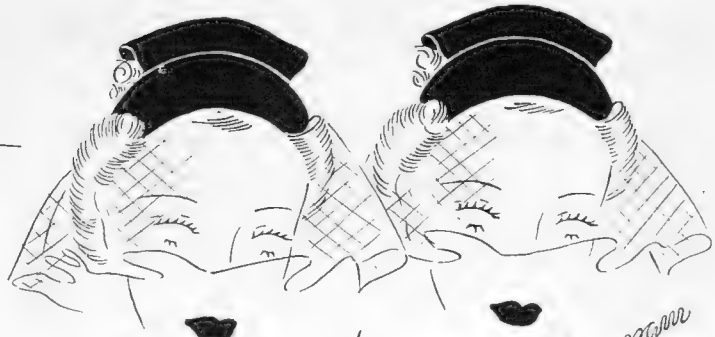
A new blouse is essential at this time of year, and the model on the left above would look equally charming with a tailor-made or accompanied by a long, slender skirt for evening. It is cut like a coat and embroidered in "broderie anglaise." The back is plain black, which is very flattering to broad shoulders, and it comes from Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, who will copy it in écru and black lace for five guineas

There is something crisp and gay about the organdie blouse above which is sprayed with lacquered confetti in bright carnival colours. The "bouffant" sleeves are very youthful, while the turn-down collar lends a demure air. It costs 49s. 6d. and may be seen at Dickins and Jones, together with the model on the left. Vivid Spanish colours are introduced in a printed Delaine shirt for 29s. 6d. with short sleeves, gathered at the shoulders

The wool lace blouse on the left is in navy blue and would look particularly well with a pale grey flannel suit or lavender tweeds. It only costs a guinea and has a double collar outlined in white. Various types of piqué are used for severely tailored blouses which look so smart with a black coat and skirt. One of these costs 35s. 6d. and is cut with a small basque and high neck. Another for 55s. 6d. is in embroidered silk piqué with short raglan sleeves

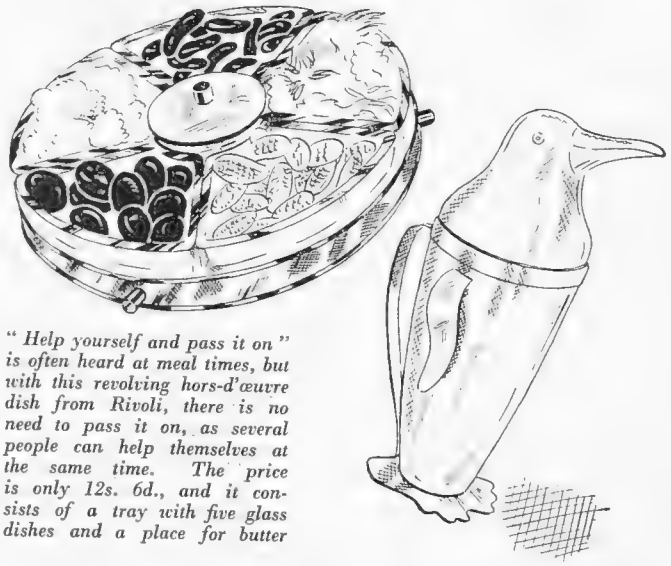
Photographs by Alexander

the bystander twins in search of NOVELTIES



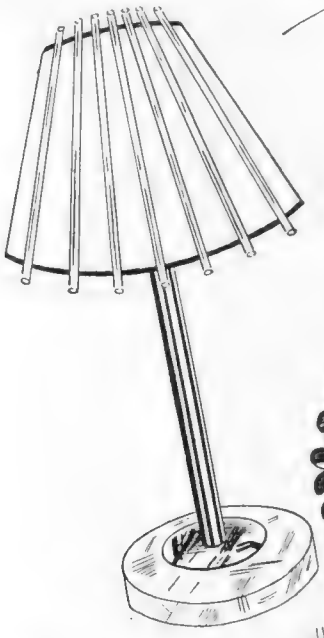
discovered by peta pictured by joan

A squadron of aeroplanes has landed at Rivoli's in Gooch's, Brompton Road. The model on the right is a table lighter which lights up as soon as you swing the propeller. It is built of chromium-plated metal, and only costs a guinea

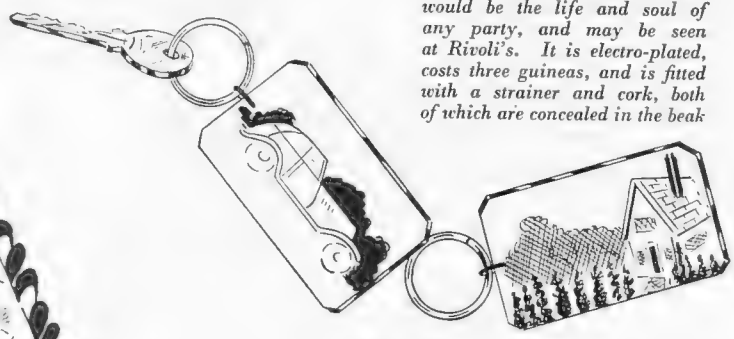


"Help yourself and pass it on" is often heard at meal times, but with this revolving hors-d'œuvre dish from Rivoli, there is no need to pass it on, as several people can help themselves at the same time. The price is only 12s. 6d., and it consists of a tray with five glass dishes and a place for butter

This penguin cocktail-shaker would be the life and soul of any party, and may be seen at Rivoli's. It is electro-plated, costs three guineas, and is fitted with a strainer and cork, both of which are concealed in the beak

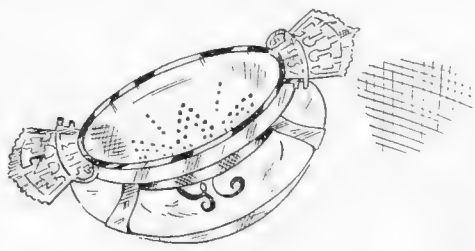


The beauty of modern art is reflected in this reading lamp which is designed in chromium and crystal. The frosted "rhodoid" shade is enlivened with glass rays and edged with a narrow border of green velvet. It comes from John Lewis, Oxford Street, and costs 38s. 6d.



Hand-painted labels with a picture of a house, car, or any other object are an excellent way of identifying keys, which are so easily confused. They can be painted specially to order, and cost 1s. 3d. each at Jenners, Princes Street, Edinburgh

Certain types of modern architecture demand something extravagant in the way of interior decoration, and Viennese masks are very effective hanging on the walls. The head sketched is in hand-painted pottery, brilliantly coloured with Titian curls. It may be seen at John Lewis's and costs 49s. 6d., though there are others from 19s. 11d.



Coronation souvenirs are everywhere, but few are as practical as this electro-plated tea-strainer from Jenners. It is engraved with royal emblems and costs 2s. 11d. complete with a china stand to catch the drops

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Case of Nikolai Gubsky : By Alan Thomas

NIKOLAI GUBSKY has not yet gained the recognition he deserves. He has written at least three novels, *Matthew's Passion, Its Silly Face* and *Surprise Item*, which on their merits should have won him a place among popular writers of the day. Yet his sales have been almost negligible. "My books," say Mr. Gubsky in his autobiography, *Angry Dust* (Heinemann; 10*s.* 6*d.*), "do not sell; I work like a nigger, my wife is slowly ruining her eyesight with sewing; yet we earn a little less than the minimum on which a family of four can exist." Apart from money, Mr. Gubsky "has no problems"—which is much the same as saying that apart from the absence of food he is enjoying his dinner. His hobby is "personal relationships," and his career—or, rather, his journey so far through life—has given him plenty of opportunities for indulging that hobby. He started by being a Russian. He was educated partly in Prussia and partly at the Imperial Lycée, an academy for "preparing the sons of noble families for high posts in the Civil Service." He served for a time in the Russian Navy and then entered the Civil Service. He was in England working for the Russian War Committee at the time of the Revolution and, being thrown out of work, took a job in a Newcastle shipping firm. When he was "axed" from that, he devoted himself entirely to writing. Like the subject of W. E. Henley's verses, Mr. Gubsky has lived, has loved, and has suffered. These processes (not least the second) he analyses with unusual powers of self-examination. His experiences alone would have made an exciting enough story. But in that case the autobiography would have been no more than a memoir. What distinguishes this book is that it gives you a real portrait of its author. I have never met Mr. Gubsky, but after reading *Angry Dust* I feel I know him better than many men I have met. Not least among his gifts is his mastery of the English language. The book should, I think, have had an index.

DOUGLAS GREEN (the inside of the wrapper offers the vario lectio: Greene) is a new name to me. His first novel—if it is his first—*Agony Column* (Methuen; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is chiefly remarkable for what may be called its under-the-surface characterisation. Off the north-west coast of Scotland, a small island is for sale: Felix wants to buy it: Susan, whom he hopes to marry, scents danger. The main part of the book is written on the assumption that Felix has bought the island, and tells the story of what happens to him and his five guests—a story which certainly justifies the fears that Susan entertained. The pith of the matter is that Earl, an American surgeon, is murdered—how and by whom I leave you to find out. Do not imagine, however, that the book is a thriller in the ordinary sense, still less a thriller for the tired business man. It makes on the whole rather hard and elusive reading; but the mind that conceived it is gifted with a delicate perception and a power of subtle, imaginative interpretation. Like the island itself, *Agony Column* is "more than beautiful. It's barely real." Indeed, from the short epilogue we learn—but again, I leave you to find out.

THE last person to know much about London is the Londoner. His excuse—offered in all seriousness—is that he lives there, and when he wants to do a bit of sightseeing he naturally goes elsewhere. Even among the authorities on London one of the best informed is not a Londoner at all, but the Glaswegian, James Bone. And if you were to ask Mr. Bone for the best book on London, (apart, you would tactfully say, from his own *London Perambulator*), he would probably refer you to the recently published work of—a foreigner. The foreigner in question is Steen Eiler Rasmussen, whose book *London* (Jonathan Cape; 15*s.*), gives, as Mr. Bone says in his introduction, "what students of London have long sought for, and what the average sentient Londoner more and more wants to know." Mr. Rasmussen is a Danish architect and town-planner, and his book, which was published in Danish two years ago, aimed at showing his compatriots how much they had to learn from the form of civilisation in which London had taken the lead. Having written the book, he came to the conclusion that it was of even greater importance to tell the English something about their own civilisation, and in particular about their capital city. A great part of this book is historical, showing how "there is more true town-planning in the unrestricted growth of London than in contemporary Continental towns that developed according to plans." Mr. Rasmussen ends with a warning against the modern tendency to solve the overcrowding problem by building blocks of flats instead of by going in for "satellite town development." But *London* is much more than a book for architects. It is a fascinating study of English life and habit by a witty and observant foreigner. The illustrations which form an integral part of the narrative have been excellently chosen.

Nikolai Gubsky *Embassy Studios*

To date he has not received the recognition he deserves for "Matthew's Passion," "Its Silly Face" and "Surprise Item," says Alan Thomas; but his autobiography, "Angry Dust," bids fair to earn this recognition. It gives a vivid picture of the author, who was born in Russia, served in the Imperial Navy and has lived in England and in dire poverty since the war. "Angry Dust" is reviewed on this page

SUSANNA FAIR, the heroine of Miss Julia Hart Lyon's first novel, *Women Must Love* (Faber and Faber; 7*s.* 6*d.*), does her best to live up to the title. She begins her amorous career by falling in love with her uncle, who seduces her. When he tires, she transfers her affection to Richard Scotforth, one of those super-novelists who, by reason of their genius, are automatically excused the wildest excesses of behaviour and manners. Scotforth's virility was the equal of his genius, and having got his wife and Sue with child almost simultaneously, he turns his attentions to a girl of sixteen. Her fate at his hands is resolved by his death in an accident. So far as I am concerned he died unlamented. Too much of this novel is about the things of the flesh. But the central theme, the situation created by a girl who has an illegitimate child because she wants it, is intimately perceived. I suspect Miss Hart Lyon to be young, and I am sure that her values are often at fault. But in spite of crudities, her first novel shows considerable promise.

MR. JOHN OWEN'S *The Blind for Sacrifice* (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is about a middle-aged housekeeper who loves a blind man half her age. He believes her to be a girl, and the story is concerned with her efforts to maintain this illusion. Not very credible, but beautifully written.

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Winners on Handicap

THE attempts of those in authority to obtain uniformity in the handicaps of golfers, by making standard scratch scores and L.G.U. pars, have failed without any question. Uniformity of handicaps will, I am afraid, never be obtained, and is not assisted to any great extent by handicapping golfers on the cards which they return, compared with standard scores. One would imagine that the L.G.U.'s method of handicapping would get better results than the E.G.U.'s, but this is not the case. If I was forced to wager a large sum of money on a golf match, played under handicap, and was allowed to select the players, there are quite a number of ladies handicapped at better than scratch whose opponents I would be prepared to back, and in some cases on level terms.

I HAVE heard rumours of a new competition, which is likely to cause a lot of quiet fun. This competition will be decided by stroke play over thirty-six holes, and only one representative from each club in the district concerned will be allowed to enter, and he must have a handicap of four or over four—I am not quite sure which. The competition will be played under handicap.

If this competition takes place, the committee of each club will find itself in the embarrassing position of having to select its best player on handicap, and thus confess to the world that there is a flaw in its method of handicapping; of course, if the handicapping is correct, every member should have an equal chance of success, but at the present time no club has been able to put its handicapping on such a satisfactory basis, and I very much doubt if any club ever will. The best handicapping I have come across is at the Royal and Ancient G.C. at St. Andrews, where a man is handicapped on how he plays, and not on the scores which he returns.

How often when we toss for partners we are delighted if we draw Mr. "X" at nine, and how often we consider defeat almost certain if we draw Mr. "Y" at three? Mr. "X" does not go in for competitions as he finds that it is financially to his greater advantage to collect half-crowns one by one by always winning his friendly matches than to collect a number of half-crowns at one time by winning a sweep on handicap, and thus escapes the attention of his handicapping committee. Mr. "X" knows that little fish are sweet, more numerous than big ones and easier to catch.

The Halford Hewitt Cup

At Deal, April 16th—19th

A double-page cartoon in full colour by H. H. Harris, containing over 100 portraits of well-known participators in this great annual gathering, will appear in the "Bystander" of April 14 and will be on sale at Deal during the meeting.

Separate colour-prints, specially mounted and suitable for framing, will be available.

I HAVE lately been looking through the results of the BYSTANDER £500 Trophy meetings for the last five years, and from them have obtained some interesting statistics. At these meetings, competitors play a qualifying round by stroke play, and the players from the various sections of the draw, who return the eight best scores under handicap, play off by match play. The other players qualify and play in various eights in a similar manner. We have had among the entrants players handicapped from plus two to over twenty.

These results show what is confirmed by the results of most club competitions, that the long handicap player has a very good chance of success in stroke play competitions under handicap, while those handicapped at scratch or better have little chance in this class of competition. On the other hand, when we come to match play competitions, the long handicap player is seldom successful, chiefly because he will not play his usual game when opposed to an obviously better performer. We find even in championships that good players crumple up, when they are opposed to golfers with great or well-advertised reputations.

IN the BYSTANDER Trophy meeting of 1935, the leader of the qualifying medal round had a handicap of seventeen, and the second best score was returned by a man handicapped at over twenty. In 1936 the lowest handicap of the first three players in the qualifying round was fifteen. In both 1935 and 1936 these leaders of the stroke play rounds were defeated easily in the match play stages. R. H. Romyn, handicap six, at Bridlington, who won the BYSTANDER Trophy last month, is the longest handicap player to be successful. The handicaps of the previous winners are not without interest: they were plus one, two, two, and one.

IF we look at the records of the competitions of the Royal and Ancient G.C., we find that the Queensland Silver Boomerang, which is the handicap prize at the Autumn Meeting, has never been won by a player handicapped at scratch or better, and that it has been won by players in the last fourteen years with liberal handicaps of 17, 16, 14, 13 and 12.

When we look at the results of the Jubilee Vase, which is a match play competition under handicap, we find that, since it was first played for in 1887, it has only been won once by a player with a double figure handicap, namely, Spencer Gollen in 1925, and that it has been won on nine occasions by scratch players, and on no fewer than thirteen occasions by plus golfers.

The Founders Singles at Sunningdale, which is a similar competition to the Jubilee Vase, shows very similar results; since it was first played for in 1902 it has been won nine times by players handicapped at scratch or better, and three times by players of one handicap. The reason why the long handicap player seldom wins match play competitions is, in my opinion, not, as many think, due to the fact that he only gets three-quarters of the difference of the handicaps, but entirely to inferiority complex.

The handicapping of golfers is certainly most unsatisfactory, and appears likely to remain so.

Easter Golf at Le Touquet

Mrs. Freddie White and Mr. John Turner were photographed outside the Golf Hotel. Mrs. White (Lois Russell that was) generally flies over in her own aeroplane

Captain Alan Kyle and Lord Willoughby de Broke were just going out for their round in the sun and the cold wind that drove lots of people from golf to gambling

This England . . .

The Malvern Hills.

A WINDBREAK of trees, planted a couple of centuries ago to shelter some simple dwelling, is a commonplace of our ripe landscape. So, too, do our villages nestle "underwind" in the friendly bosom of the hills. Difficult building that makes, and steep streets to climb, but we like our comforts in this England and will pay the price. For we will do battle with the elements year in and year out, but at the day's close we must have our old-fashioned comforts —and not the least of these is our glass of Worthington.

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Before Birkdale: After Middlesex

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

SHIVERING as we were through Easter, I could not help feeling thankful that Northern Foursomes this year were later than sometimes. A week on from this (April 13th) may see some respectable weather, and, if so, there should be nothing lacking at Birkdale for a really good week. The entry is splendid, strewn thick with golfing titles, but, since seeding is now an accepted method in BYSTANDER Foursomes, none of the really low handicap pairs can meet earlier than Thursday afternoon. By then, unless they have fallen to redoubtable pairs of lesser fame and longer handicap, we shall have Mrs. Garon (who won her English title at Birkdale in 1935, you remember) and Lady Alness, joint handicap 5, playing Mrs. Clements and Mrs. Alan Hartley (4); the holders, Miss Bridget Newell and Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp (3) v. Miss Nan Baird and Miss Betty Henderson (4); Mrs. Bason and Mrs. Whitfield or Mrs. Percy and Miss Howard, either couple being 6, v. Miss Mary Johnson and Miss Barbara Lees (5); and Miss Elsie Corlett and Miss Jessie Firth (2) v. Miss Jessie Anderson and Mrs. Barbour, who are also 2.

THOSE are the lowest pairs, but, of course, there are interesting folk scattered about with less distinguished partners, such as Mrs. H. V. Newton, and Miss Winifred Berry, and the Girl Champion, Peggy Edwards. Girls, indeed, are well represented, for, besides Peggy, and those two past Girl Champions, Miss Anderson and Miss Baird, there will be Joan Pemberton, Pam Shand, and Joan Hives to show what the present can do. It seems hardly possible that we shall have a better final than it was the last time we were at Birkdale, when Miss Johnson and Miss Lees beat Miss Anderson and Mrs. Barbour at the 19th—but one never knows. And of one thing I have a firm conviction, that all records will be broken for the National Playing Fields, not only because everybody now realises what a grand cause that is, but also because not a player who has been round Birkdale once but will wish to go round again, and again, and yet again. As I said, good weather is the only thing left to wish for.

WEATHER was none too kind beforehand for the first county championship of the year, and no Middlesex course is the better for days and weeks of downpour. Hadley Wood stood up to it as well as anyone could expect, and the way the course had dried by the time the second round began was amazing.

The draw having been made some weeks before, there were a good many scratchings, but at least the entirely rightful and suitable new champion was found in Mrs. John Beck. She began the championship playing just as well as she had done the week before, when she and Mrs. Garon won the London Foursomes; at its best, her golf is delicious fun to watch, a holed approach always seeming imminent, and the un-dead putts quite certain to go in. Mrs. Clemens, the holder; Mrs. Robert Ebberstein (Miss Betty Taylor), and Miss Dunand she firmly put in their place by 7 and 6 apiece. Then came a lapse of form, and Jacqueline Gordon, runner-up in last year's Girls' Championship, took her to the 17th. On the face of it, Jacqueline might have won if she had not taken a good many too many putts, but probably if she had played better Mrs. Beck would have risen to the occasion and produced that little bit extra which comes inevitably with championship and international experience. When the young player has those behind her, as well as the good swing, the fine physique, and the shots which she has now, she ought to take a lot of stopping. Even now she should give pause to opponents at the bottom of any county sides Middlesex meets.

Champion of Middlesex

Mrs. John Beck (left) won the Middlesex Championship at Hadley Wood by beating Mrs. Pilkington by four and three; ten days before she had won the London Foursomes with Mrs. Garon, and some weeks before that her husband won the President's Putter at Rye. With her is Mrs. Greenlees, Scottish International

HAVING disposed of Miss Gordon, Mrs. Beck met Mrs. Pilkington of Ashford Manor, who had never done anything very noteworthy, except practice daily and devotedly all through this ghastly winter, which has driven so many golfers to squash or Switzerland. That alone is a distinction. She lacks the style that suggests a top notcher, but there is no denying the length of shot she gets, particularly off the tee; she pitched well, and showed herself a really tenacious fighter. After a walkover, she had to her credit the biggest win of the championship, 9 and 7 from her club mate, Mrs. Melville; then a last green one from Miss Rabbidge, who it must be owned, was far from her best. The semi-final, though, was a distinct triumph, for Mrs. Pilkington took the chances given her by Mrs. Beeson, and so beat that really good player on the last green.

Mrs. Pilkington began the final more confidently than Mrs. Beck, but all the same, after the 3rd, where she was two up, she was not allowed to win another hole. Mrs. Beck, once recovered from a shaky start, took the last five holes of the match—that is, from the 11th to the 15th—in only one more shot than the first three had cost her, namely, nineteen, which was sufficient reason for victory. Mrs. Pilkington struggled bravely, some of her pitching being really good, but Mrs. Beck's figures were those of the first-class golfer. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Miss Gordon and Miss Lewin

Jacqueline Gordon, who beat Betty Lewin in the first round, got into the semi-final at Hadley Wood to be beaten by the winner, Mrs. Beck, by seven and six

Mrs. Pilkington and Mrs. Beeson

Mrs. Pilkington was the runner-up; she beat Mrs. Beeson in the semi-final. Her other victims throughout the championship were Miss Patrick and Miss Doris Chambers

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Howard Marshall on Rugger

Personalities of the Season

Now that the Easter tours are over, the season is really on the wane. Normally it is just about finished when the London teams come back from Wales and the West Country. But Easter being eccentric, we still have a month's solid football before us. There are, indeed, some rattling good club matches to be played, though to my mind it is absurd to be turning out in April at all. With the best will in the world, players can't be feeling fresh or particularly keen after seven months of so strenuous a game. And we can't, therefore, take a great deal of interest in their doings during the coming weeks.

I WONDER, though, who you would pick out as the really notable players of the year? We might begin, I suggest, with H. S. Sever, who did the decisive scoring in England's three international matches. He dropped the goal, you will remember, against Wales; he scored that amazing try against Ireland, a try we shall never forget; and he showed real football sense when he dashed into the centre and spread-eagled the Scottish defence at Murrayfield.

To see Sever in action for the first time, you would never think him a flyer—and, to be sure, he does lack the extra yard or so of speed. But that grim and magnificent determination which carries him smashing through obstacles is worth a deal of flashiness. What is more, Sever is a real footballer, the sort the English selectors like, for he may be relied upon never to do the foolish thing.

H. S. Sever (England)

THEN I should pick G. J. Morgan, the Irish scrum-half for this year. He has been in tremendous form: fast, lively, and intelligent—a really well-equipped player and quite the best in the four countries.

For some reason, young Haydn Tanner of Wales has fallen off a little. Last year he was superb, and now he is good enough in all conscience; but just that touch of genius is lacking.

Where centres are concerned, I would rate R. C. S. Dick of Scotland very highly, although he was so unfortunately unable to play against England. He has nearly all the qualities, moreover, which make a great centre three-quarter and, first among them, the gift of adventurousness. Perhaps it is because I am an Englishman that this particular gift seems to me especially desirable. But to see Dick go smashing away in mid-field is one of the things which we tuck away very carefully in our memories.

F. J. REYNOLDS of the Army has some claims to be considered the stand-off half of the year. It 's true that we haven't seen a great deal of him, but in the Calcutta Cup match he did enough to prove that he may revolutionise our whole conception of mid-field theory.

The pundits may say that at present he is inclined to hold on to the ball a little too long; but that is a good fault. Certainly it is far better than parting with the ball too soon, when nothing has been accomplished—a bad habit into which English stand-off halves have fallen of late years.

Reynolds does at least keep his opponents guessing, for they are always afraid that he is going to break through himself. It was most interesting to see the English wings running with plenty of room to spare at Murrayfield. And this liberty they owed entirely to Reynolds.

I hope the fact that he is in the Army doesn't mean that he will be going abroad soon, for English football needs him, and his appearance in the game is most welcome.

The Captain and the Cup

D. E. Parry was photographed with the Hospitals' Cup after his side, St. Mary's, had beaten Guy's in the final, to retain the championship for the fourth year. A vigorous crowd of rival supporters watched the match, which was played on a remarkably fine day; the result was a goal, a penalty goal, and a try (11) to a drop goal (4)

WHERE full-backs are concerned, H. G. Owen-Smith remains in the picture, with his unorthodox brilliance; and V. G. J. Jenkins stands out as a player of remarkable strength and competence.

About forwards I would hesitate to dogmatise, for it is extremely hard for the onlooker to tell much about the intrinsic worth of a forward. Let me pick, however, one player who did not represent any country. I have written about him before, but I do so again and unashamedly. He is A. D. Carpenter of Gloucester, a great veteran, and a fine example of keenness and sportsmanship.

Personally, I should have been very happy to see Carpenter chosen for England, despite the fact that he is thirty-eight years old. Age has nothing to do with it, for Carpenter is a phenomenon, and there is no better front-row forward in the country to-day.

Not a vintage year, perhaps. But international football, I fancy, has taken a turn for the better. And that at least is good reason for gratitude.

G. Morgan (Ireland)

H. G. Owen-Smith (England)

H. Tanner (Wales)

V. Jenkins (Wales)

"Here's a Flying Standard V-EIGHT.."

0-50 m. p. h. in 12 seconds

"You realise at once that you are handling something that is out of the ordinary . . . . the maximum road speed on high gear is 82 m.p.h. . . . . its performance excels that of many sports cars. The acceleration is particularly good, as from a standstill it can reach a speed of 50 m.p.h. in 12 seconds dead . . . . I liked the car immensely. It has the feeling of a thoroughbred and it behaves as one, and I am sure that this new model will prove a tremendous success."

Sir Malcolm Campbell sums up in "The Field."

BUY A CAR
MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM
Flying Standard
V-EIGHT

£349
EX WORKS

DETAILS OF THIS AMAZING CAR FROM— **THE STANDARD MOTOR CO. LTD., CANLEY, COVENTRY**

WEST END SHOWROOMS— **"STANDARD CARS," 37 DAVIES ST., GROSVENOR SQ., LONDON, W.1.**

OTHER MODELS FROM £144 TO £359 EX WORKS

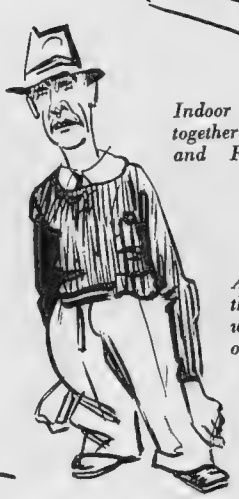
Felixstowe Retrospect—But Harris Got His Rough Sketches Mixed

John Nash seems to have borrowed C. R. T. Smith's pull-over and John Morrison's skin-tight bags. To his right are the legs of Eric Mobbs (not Nobbs this week), one feeling like that of a table

You're wrong! Not L. G. Crawley, but Irvine Edwards (from Bridlington) in Mr. Whelpton's bags

Above is the top half of W. E. Winstanley with the bottom half of Bracewell Smith, and below the halves are reversed

Leonard Whelpton in disguise as John Morrison



Indoor and outdoor sketches pieced together show R. Cunningham and Frank Gentle in training

The "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy: More Ribald Recollections

A. E. Alexander from the waist upwards mixed with the lower portion of Tom Williams

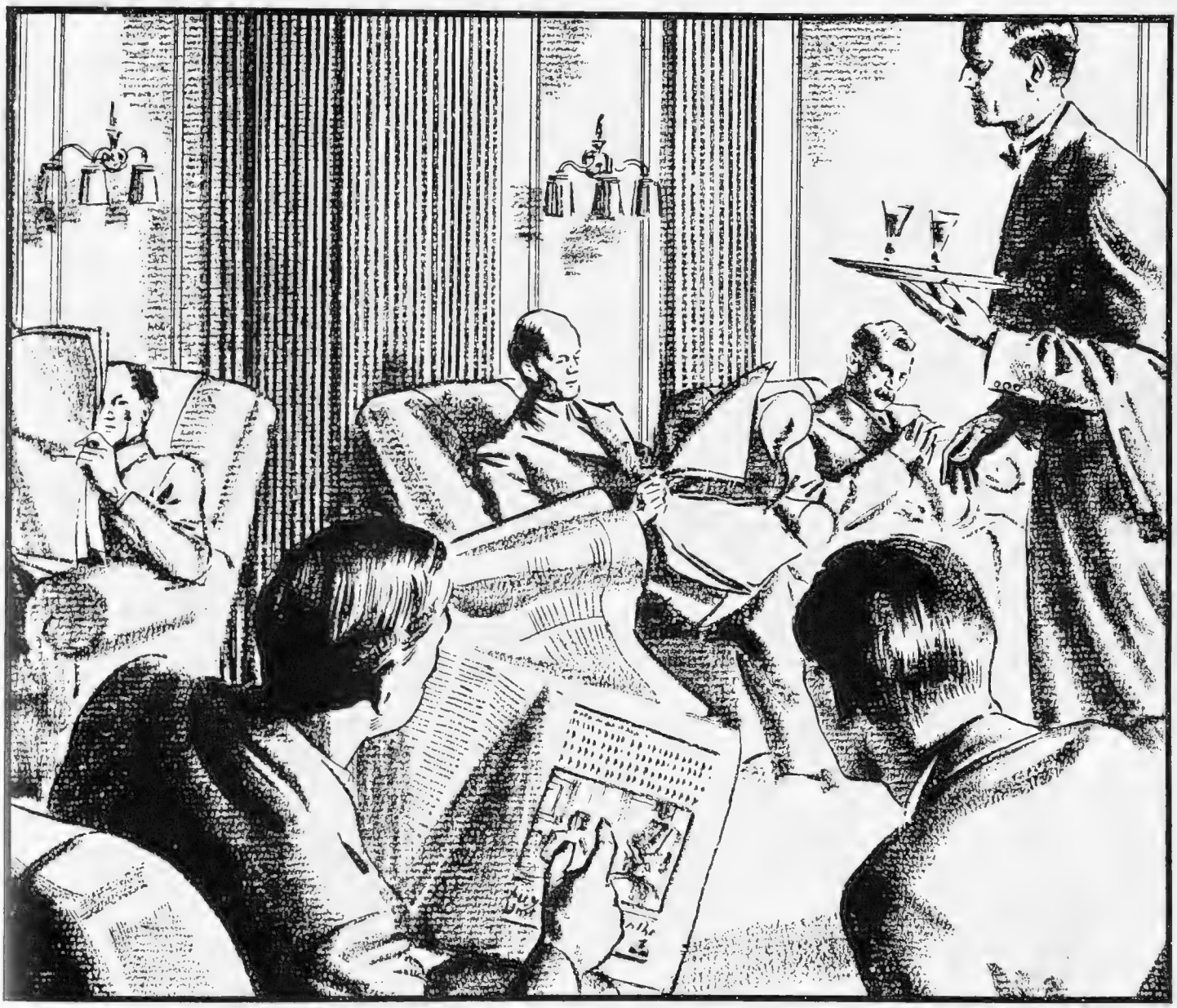
H. K. Lester dressed for night life, tennis and golf, in borrowed plus-fours (we think he played in bags)

The Gentlemen of Kent: A. P. F. Chapman and B. H. Valentine have changed heads (or bodies)

Headley Leek is almost perfect except for the dress waistcoat

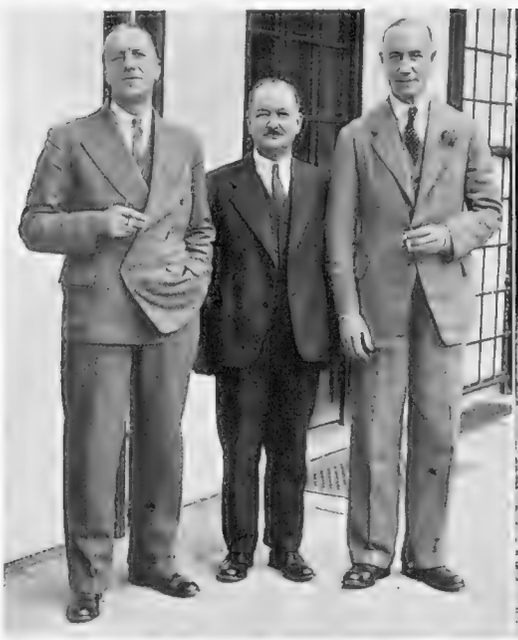
HEARD AT THE CLUB

"Seen this, James?" "Yes, good idea. It's time people realised how much we owe to the British motor industry. It's because of their enterprise that our air defence programme is being carried out so efficiently"



buy a car made in the

UNITED KINGDOM



H. V. Sharp (director), Capt. H. W. Bartlett, M.C., (secretary) and A. L. Ellinger (captain)

D. Pope, J. W. Stacey (committee member) and A. V. Franklin

H. G. Stuart-Fox and J. D. S. Haley

Golf Clubs at Home

Hartsbourne Manor

This club is the reincarnation of the old Wembley club which was forced to move by the "clutching hand of the builder" in 1928. The new course is laid out on Bushey Heath, shut out from view of London by the rolling hills of Harrow Weald, and the clubhouse is situated on a spot once said to be the haunt of Dick Turpin or similar highwaymen. The course is almost entirely on gravel and offers a pleasantly undulating round of golf with well diversified holes

J. W. Houghton (committee)

H. C. Hicks (vice-captain)

V. Brent (committee)

T. Austin White

O. Erickson

F. G. Wallis

A. V. Askham

Lanson

The

proudest
Champagne
of France

THE CHOICE OF THE CONNOISSEUR

The Latest Air-Liners

By Charles Ward

With a B.A. "Swallow" at Heston—the Baroness von Simolin, Captain Ralph Munday and the dachshund "Mr. Parker," about to fly to Southsea

Overland Liners

At first sight, the new land liners for Imperial Airways appear much larger than their opposite numbers, the Empire flying-boats, though actually they are about the same size. For European routes they will carry up to forty passengers, which has been found the most convenient number to handle during the long period when the "Heracles" class has been in service. On overseas routes, such as in Africa and to India, the number will be reduced to twenty-seven, more space being required for operation in hot countries. The "Ensign," as the Armstrong-Whitworth liner has been named, is being built at Hamble in the old factory of A. V. Roe. Twelve of them will be in service within a year. Each weighs twenty tons, spans 127 ft., is 18 ft. high and 114 ft. long. A speed of 200 miles an hour will be attained with 3500 horse-power. These are impressive figures, and taken with those for the flying-boats, they demonstrate that Imperials will have the finest fleet in the world by the beginning of next year. The comfort of passengers has been considered most thoroughly. Low propellor-tip speed, robust cabins with heavy glass windows, sound-proofing, insulated engine mountings, air conditioning—in fact, every known device for attaining quiet and warm or cool air as required.

Towards South America

It appears that the Government is not satisfied with any of the proposals to run a service to South America. The companies which tendered either had insufficient capital or lack of experience as a bar to acceptance. This is true in the main, for with the exception of Imperial Airways, there is no company that has a chance of starting such a service with skilled personnel and the knowledge that could avoid expensive mistakes. The French and the Germans have been operating for a good many years, so that any British line starts with a handicap by comparison. It has, however, been agreed that British Airways shall fly to Gambia, which is a hopping-off place for the southern continent. One of the "Albatross" monoplanes being built by de Havillands will be used for early flights. In addition to those for use on long-range work across the Atlantic, there are several on the stocks for passenger-carrying over distances of 1000 miles or more. Still larger flying-boats are on the drawing-board—twice the size of the Empire class. Their speed will approach that of the "Albatross"—cruising at 200 miles an hour—thus reducing the journey from West Africa to Brazil to one of an easy ten hours in daylight.

News from the Air

Last year, the export of aircraft, engines, and bits from England exceeded in value those during any other year by £200,000. The total was £3,000,000, sufficient to place aviation in a new class, alongside many of the industries that have been flourishing for half a century or more. A good deal of this export trade is for war purposes—a sad commentary on the misuse that the world is making of aviation. Side by side with this, however, goes its development for trade and travel. The air mail has brought new business to the paper manufacturers. There is a demand for light-weight stationery, so that 1½d. per half ounce shall mean more than one sheet of paper. The result of experiments has been to produce eight quarto sheets and an envelope to come within the stipulated weight. With a typewriter this can mean 4000 words, which is pretty good value for the money. British Airways is taking delivery of its Lockheed liners—two were demonstrated at Croydon a fortnight ago and are on service to Scandinavia. The "Electra" is a low-wing monoplane with seats for ten and a crew of two. Speed exceeds 175 miles an hour, and every safety precaution is fitted, including de-icers and the Lorenze blind-approach equipment. In our issue of March 17th, I mentioned that Herr Kronfeld was on tour with the de Luxe Drone, whereas it is Captain U. Williams who has bought a Drone and a Ground Trainer from Kronfeld for the tour. In our photograph of the Trainer, Captain Williams was adjusting the safety belt for a "pupil." As an example of practical air navigation to be obtained by pupils at the College of Aeronautical Engineering, a flight of Messrs. Bliss and Baillie is interesting. They hired a Puss Moth from the Brooklands School and set off on a murky Sunday morning at 7 a.m., flying first of all to Newcastle non-stop. Their next port of call was Edinburgh, followed by Renfrew for re-fuelling—man and machine. The homeward journey was made by way of Liverpool, Brooklands being reached at 5 p.m. Flying time was 7½ hours, mostly in low cloud, rain, hail, snow and sleet.

A de Havilland Dragon "Rapide" on the lake at St. Moritz. Its owner-pilot, Lord Forbes, who flew it out from England, is seen in the airport bus on the way to his hotel

JAEGER

Dorothy Round
Sports Skirt

New, practical and very brief—they are the smartest things on the courts this year. They are cut on the cross, zipped neatly up the side, and are made of Jaeger flannel or linen. Whether you have or have not the figure for shorts, you will find these skirts are a most becoming sports fashion. You will see them this season wherever sports stars gather.

JAEGER HOUSE
204, Regent St. W.1

Cars with a Personality: The 2½-Litre S.S. "Jaguar"

By The Earl of Cardigan

One expects an "S.S." car to be more than ordinarily handsome in appearance, and the new 2½-litre "Jaguar" certainly justifies this anticipation. It suggests power and speed in every line

This fitted tray of tools is most attractive. There is a very useful amount of space in the luggage locker, of which the lid forms a substantial platform for bulky packages

THE 2½-litre "S.S." has been familiar to motorists for a good many years. As originally introduced, it gained immediate popularity through combining the three great virtues of sporting performance, attractive looks and strictly reasonable cost. Probably no car ever "caught on" so readily.

If the original "S.S." deserved to be greeted with approval, then the new S.S. "Jaguar" must be regarded as an even more certain "winner." It is a vastly improved model. Without having lost any of the familiar and expected qualities, it has risen to an entirely new standard of refinement.

The new six-cylinder 20 h.p. engine, with its overhead valves, is as notable for silence and smoothness as it is for sheer power. It enables the car, if desired, to potter along in top gear at little more than a walking pace, and to accelerate briskly away again without any sign of "snatching." Throughout the speed range, this smooth acceleration is a striking feature.

As for speed, I was unlucky in finding excavations in progress on my favourite stretch of road, and could therefore only test in one direction (into wind). Under this disadvantage, I was able to exceed

(*Concluded on page* viii)

TWO

extra horse-power

WITH BP ETHYL BECAUSE IT

Banishes Pinking

If yours is, for example, a 12 h.p. car, and you are using an unsuitable petrol which causes "pinking," your engine is probably developing only 10 h.p. By changing over to "BP" Ethyl you can banish "pinking" and get two extra horse-power. This is because "BP" Ethyl is specially made to suit the modern high-compression engine.

The New CORD

Beauty seeks endlessly new horizons—and looks into the future for the inspiration of to-day. The new Cord is of to-morrow, with the beauty of power and the grace of speed in its free flowing lines. And, deeper, there lurks the dazzling fleetness and inherent safety that the wisdom of youth demands in a fine car.

Saloons, Convertible Coupés, Phaetons and the new Berline with driving partition. All models have radio fitted as standard. Full range of *supercharged* models now available also.

AUTOCAR OFFICIAL ROAD TEST

on the Supercharged Cord

- **Timed speed . . . . 102.27 m.p.h.**
- **30-50 m.p.h. . . . . 4.6 secs.**
- **0-50 m.p.h. . . . . 10.5 secs.**
- **0-60 m.p.h. . . . . 13.2 secs.**
- **0-70 m.p.h. . . . . 19.6 secs.**

". . . It will be noticed that . . . the magic figure of 100 m.p.h. has been handsomely topped by one car (the Cord). This is the highest figure shown for some five years in 'The Autocar' Road Tests . . ."

". . . Really, the acceleration of this machine is tremendous, and the test figures show the point very thoroughly. Yet weather conditions were far from favourable to those tests . . ."

". . . There is no question that a terrific performance is given . . ."

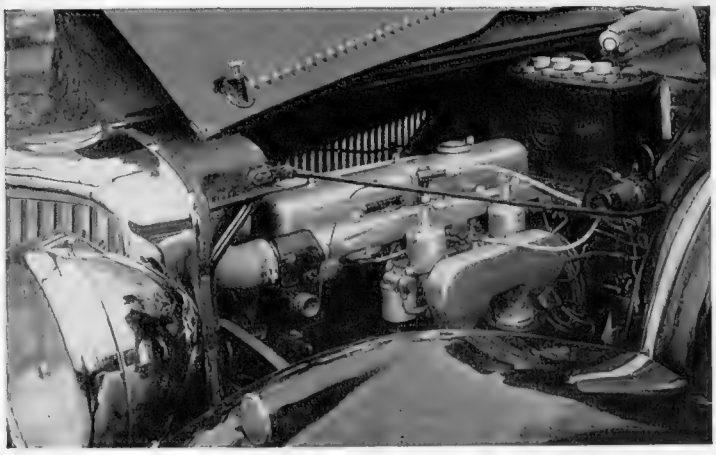
". . . The Cord feels solid; indeed, it is by no means light in weight, and the suspension is not of a particularly soft kind . . ."

The Autocar—March 26, 1937

R. S. M. (AUTOMOBILES) LTD.
26, BRUTON STREET, LONDON, W.1
Phone: MAYFAIR: 0283.

SOLE CONCESSIONNAIRES: AUBURN, CORD, DUESENBERG

The instrument panel contains an extra-large speedometer, and a "rev. counter" to match. The "telescopic" steering column is very valuable, as it can be extended or retracted to suit the position of the driving seat



The overhead-valve engine, besides being highly efficient, is very smooth and silent. There can be no excuse for forgetting to "top up" the battery

Cars with a Personality

(Continued from page vi)

80 m.p.h. and to estimate a good 85 m.p.h. as the normal maximum. In third gear—a most valuable ratio—I was able to record between 65 and 70 m.p.h.

There is a new gear-box, giving synchro-mesh engagement for second, third, and top gears. The "Jaguar" is therefore essentially simple to drive, and there are many factors to give the driver a sense of ease and confidence. The driving position is comfortable, and the steering column is instantly adjustable for length. The steering itself has a very definite action, and self centres well after a corner has been taken.

The brakes are of the Girling type, which means that they are extremely powerful without being at all "fierce." The springing is good, and especially so at the higher speeds, when its firmness enables the car to hold the road with admirable steadiness.

The coachwork is as attractive as ever as regards its general lines. There is a generous amount of space in front, although at the back a little more head-room would be welcome. At the extreme rear of the car, however, is a really well-planned luggage-locker.

The price of the "Jaguar" saloon is truly remarkable. To look at the car one might very well guess it at £500 or more—and this estimate would certainly not need to be revised as the result of a trial run. The actual figure is the uncommonly modest one of £385.

The Hillman "Hawk"

TALKING of prices, by an unfortunate slip I recently did an injustice to the Hillman "Hawk." This fine car is actually listed at the same figure as the 16 h.p. Hillman. Thus, although the "Hawk" has an engine of 21 h.p., it can be sold at a price as low as £295. I am very sorry to have stated otherwise.

DOES BOTH JOBS

CLEANS TEETH Firm, handsome teeth depend upon two things—cleaning them thoroughly and keeping gums healthy. Even if teeth *look* white the dentifrice you are using may provide only *half* the care you need. Forhans brand dentifrice ends this half-way care. It whitens teeth and—

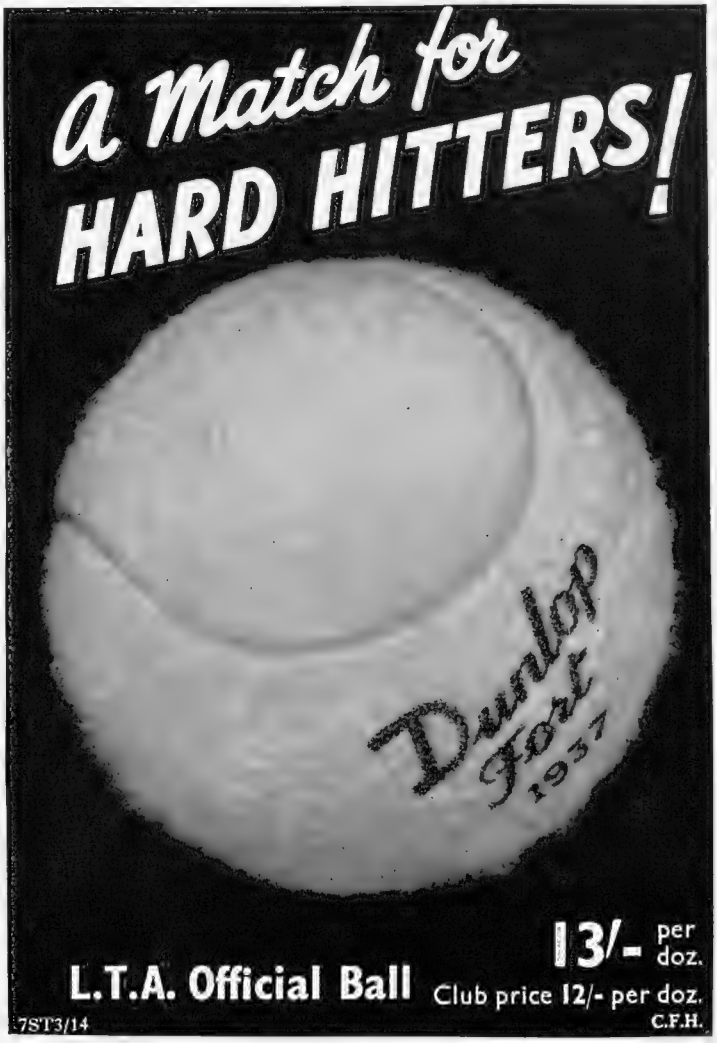
SAVES GUMS Forhans was developed by an eminent dental surgeon especially to give you *double protection*. When you brush your teeth, massage your gums, too, with Forhans, rubbing it in gently with the fingers. Note how it stimulates your gums, how it leaves in your mouth a clean, fresh feeling! Forhans costs no more than most ordinary dentifrices. Try a tube to-day. On sale throughout the world.

FORMULA OF R. J. FORHAN, D.D.S.

Forhans BRAND *Original* DENTIFRICE FOR MASSAGING GUMS AND CLEANING TEETH

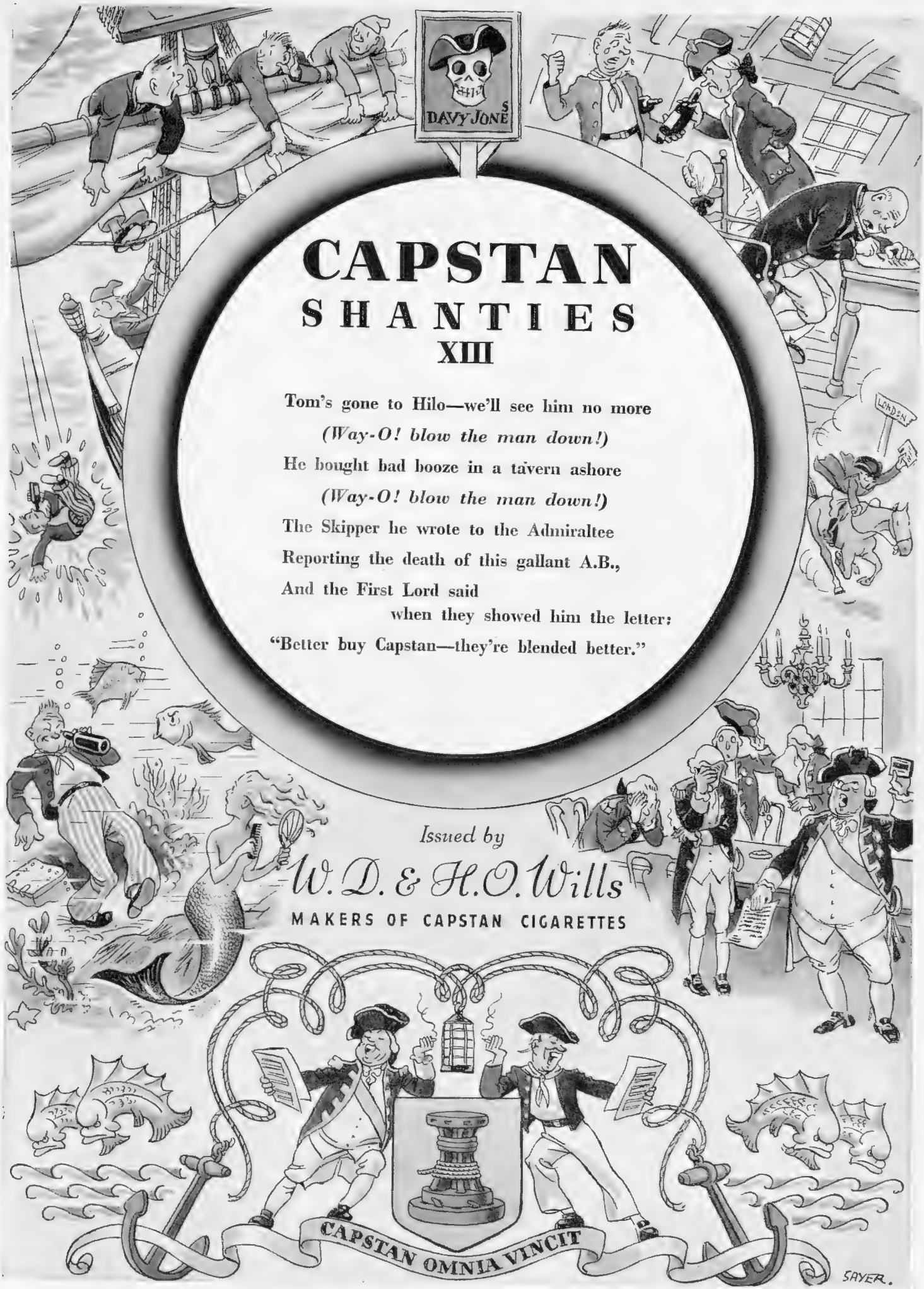
NEW 1/3 SIZE Now on Sale

a Match for HARD HITTERS!



L.T.A. Official Ball 13/- per doz. Club price 12/- per doz. C.F.H.

7ST3/14



CAPSTAN
SHANTIES
XIII

Tom's gone to Hilo—we'll see him no more
(Way-O! blow the man down!)
He bought bad booze in a tavern ashore
(Way-O! blow the man down!)
The Skipper he wrote to the Admiraltee
Reporting the death of this gallant A.B.,
And the First Lord said
when they showed him the letter:
"Better buy Capstan—they're blended better."

Issued by

W. D. & H. O. Wills

MAKERS OF CAPSTAN CIGARETTES

W.D. & H. O. Wills Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. C.C.555

The Scar (*Continued from page 32*)

matter of eight or nine quid a week between them. Mary had a nice bit in the bank, too. You don't get girls like that nowadays. No reality about 'em.

"All right. 'Marry you?' I says. 'Only name the day.' 'Now,' she says. So I starts getting ready. We made arrangements. She insisted on paying the preliminaries. She handed me twenty-five quid in golden sovereigns. I got myself a lovely new black cut-away suit for four guineas. You got a better suit for four guineas then than you get for ten now. I had the banns put up, and believe me or believe me not, laddie, they were read out, and the wedding was booked to come on the following Tuesday week. Yes! I come as near to it as that!"

"And why didn't you?" I asked.

"I 'm coming to that. It was all on account of Agnes. On the Tuesday after the banns had been read for the third time, Agnes had to go to the Women's Guild. It was about seven o clock in the evening. I was busy at the Hippodrome, and Mary was at home. See? Well, Agnes leaves the house, and just as she steps into the road, along comes some blasted lunatic at the double with a hand-cart, and knocks her down and breaks her ankle. Well, they picks her up and takes her to her door, and she starts struggling and screaming: 'I won't be taken home! I won't! I won't!' But they puts that down to her being delirious on account of shock, and gets the door open, and takes her in, and calls for Mary. But Mary isn't there. They looks upstairs, they looks downstairs, they sends to the theatre to see if she 's there, and then they looks in the cellar—the silly fools!—and there they finds her. She 'd been dead for five weeks."

"No!"

"I 'm telling you. Five weeks. Her sister had poisoned her with arsenic and put her down in the cellar, and then put on her clothes and impersonated her. I would have married her without knowing the difference. Agnes, with her hair fluffed up, and bright clothes, and a smile on her face, looked as like her sister as two peas in a pod."

"Good God! And what happened to Agnes?"

"Oh, she died soon after they took her to prison. Took arsenic. Murder and suicide—that 's what woman 'll do for love."

"Good heavens!"

"Ah! And do you know what? I 'm damned if I know now whether it was Mary who murdered Agnes or Agnes who murdered Mary. *She* said nothing. Nobody knew. I 've often wondered . . ."

"How terrible!"

"Terrible is right. If only it could have been discovered a week later!"

"What difference would that have made?"

"What difference! I would have come into eight quid a week, and the house. Romance is very nice indeed, but you can't eat Romance; you can't drink Romance; Romance won't keep you warm in the winter. Now eight quid a week . . ."

"And where does the scar come in?"

"What scar?"

"On your head."

"Oh—well, now! The way I ramble on! I was going to tell you about that in the first place, but once I get talking I sort of run on and on. . . . The scar! That 's a different story altogether; something really extra-ordinary. Oh, yes. Now, to come back to the scar . . ."

THE END.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32 - 34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON
APRIL

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

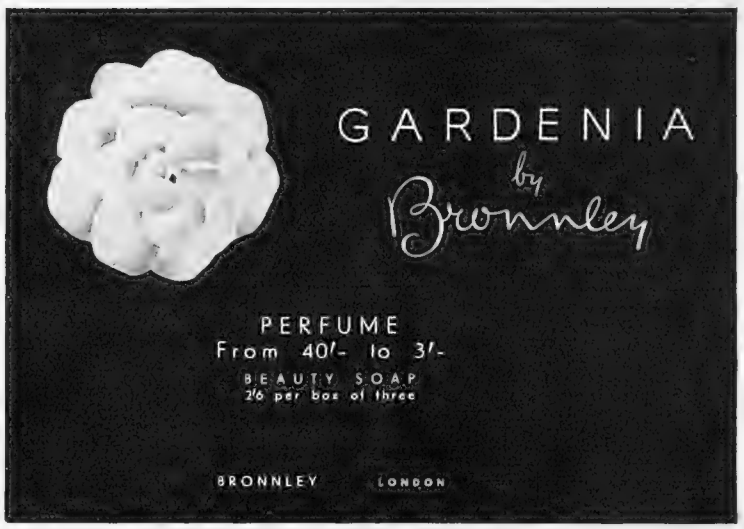
Address .....

.....

RHEUMATISM

VICHY-CÉLESTINS is Nature's own antidote for warding off the pains and penalties of *Rheumatism.* Drink it *regularly* at meals, and at any other time. *Obtainable everywhere.*

● CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents:
INGRAM & ROYLE LTD.,
Bangor Wharf, 45, Belvedere Road, London.



GLENEAGLES HOTEL
PERTHSHIRE

The Unrivalled Playground of the World

RESTAURANT AND SLEEPING CAR EXPRESSES BY L M S

Particulars and tariff from L M S Hotel Services, St. Pancras Chambers, London, N.W.1. *Arthur Towle, Controller.*

New *cream* Mascara

Ends the artificial look of old-fashioned mascara!

Complete with brush

2/6

Tattoo Ltd

Waterproof . . . far easier to use!

True charm now replaces the bold, theatrical look that has discouraged so many women from using old-fashioned forms of mascara.

The effect you have always wished to achieve with mascara is now actually possible! Obviously, such exciting loveliness requires an entirely new kind of mascara; one that darkens lashes without shouting "mascara"; one that does not brand its user as artificial. "theatrical" or "bold."

TATTOO Cream Mascara is just that. It goes on so evenly and smoothly its presence on the lashes is not detected. Nor will tears, rain or a plunge betray the secret . . . for THIS mascara, *not being mixed with water when applied,* is really waterproof! Much easier to use than cake mascara too, and perfectly harmless. Can't smart. TATTOO your eyelashes!

TATTOO

BLACK *for brunettes*
BROWN *for blondes*
BLUE *or evening wear*

be perfectly dressed—*by corot . . . and pay at your leisure!*

you must come to **corot** to experience the delights of perfectly tailored spring suits and coats and model frocks that say "bond street" in every lovely line.

only at **corot's** are you able to enjoy the **finer materials—perfect fit and inspired designing** which distinguish a **corot** model from all others—and whether you pay 2 or 15 guineas, the same generous **and confidential** instalment terms are available.

madam corot personally supervises every order received—and your **complete satisfaction** is her one desire.

"very best"

a bolero suit is "headline news" now, so choose this model in crêpe with a gaily printed blouse top on the dress

cash 4¼ gns. 13/6 monthly

(7 equal payments)

"too important"

a redingote type coat in a soft lainage is perfect when it is worn over a gaily printed crêpe dress. in many shades

cash 5¼ gns. 16/6 monthly

(7 equal payments)

visit the corot showrooms

corot's new range of spring models will charm you with their beauty and originality of design. as a first step to **dress perfection** visit the corot showrooms, or post the coupon below for corot's latest portfolio of fashions

corot

(dept. b.s. 1112)

33 old bond st.,

london. w.1. regent 0234.

please! send me the latest fashion portfolio with details of your confidential payment plan.

name .....

.....

address .....

.....

b.s. 1112

The Call of SPRING

LAROLA SOAP. In boxes of 3 Tablets, 2/-. Single Tablets, 8d.

LAROLA ROSE BLOOM (Rouge) the Natural Tint. Sifter Boxes, with Puff, 1/- and 2/6 each.

LAROLA FACE POWDER in Pink, White, Cream and Cream No. 2. Sealed Boxes, complete with Puff, 2/6 each.

Your skin demands exceptional care at this time of the year. Lengthening days are open-air days. Your face and hands especially need that studied protection which only Larola gives. If there is any winter roughness or redness left—see how quickly Larola softens—soothes—heals—whitens! Your skin quickly loses its neglected appearance. Dullness gives way to a radiance in perfect harmony with the loveliest Spring weather. Larola, so fragrant and refined, adds a new note of beauty to your daily toilet. This delightful skin tonic makes a *perfect* powder base, too. It cannot clog the pores because it is free of *all* gummy ingredients. Make sure it is Larola.

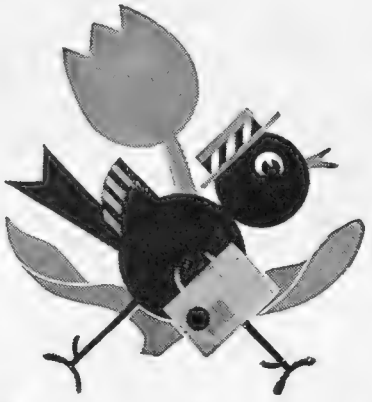
1/6 & 2/6 a bottle

BEETHAM'S **Larola**

From all Chemists and Stores or Post Free in U.K. direct from—

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

Send for Booklet—"The Cult of Beauty," post free on request.



Spring Cruises by 'ATLANTIS'

APRIL 23. Spring Cruise to the Atlantic Isles and Morocco. - 17 days from 29 gns.

MAY 14-21. Whitsun Cruise including the **Coronation Naval Review, Spithead. 7** days from **15** gns.

MAY 22. Cruise to the Baltic Capitals and Kiel Canal - - 12 days from 19 gns.

Write for 'Zodiac' Booklet giving full cruising programme

ROYAL MAIL

ROYAL MAIL LINES, LTD.

America House, Cockspur Street, S.W.1. (Whitehall 9646), Royal Mail House Leadenhall Street, E.C.3. (Mansion House 0522) & at Southampton. Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Cardiff, Glasgow or Local Agents.

The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (1937)

At Wentworth

The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (13th year), at Wentworth, will be played, by kind invitation of the Club, on the East and Centre Courses, on Monday, May 3rd, 1937.

Holders : Miss Mervyn Barton and Miss Pam Barton.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps limited to 30; play under half combined handicaps. Entries from couples over the handicap limit will *not* be accepted. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the Bystander reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps.

Entries, to be made on the accompanying form, limited to 100 couples. Entries beyond that limit will be placed on a waiting list to fill any vacancies that may arise.

Competitors may choose their own partners and opponents, and in the event of their original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts if they will kindly notify Miss Helme in writing, giving full particulars of the new partner.

Competitors may request a starting time, these being allotted in order of request, but not before 9 or after 11.15. Competitors will start their second round approximately three-and-a-half hours later than their first round. Play will be over thirty-six holes, eighteen holes on the East Course and eighteen on the Centre Course, and it will be decided by a draw which couples shall play on which course in the morning.

Entries close on Friday, April 23rd, or earlier if the limit of 100 couples is reached before that date. Starting times will be posted to each competitor on April 26th.

The Directors of the Bystander reserve the right to add to or alter these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor will be final on all points.

WENTWORTH — NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, April 23rd, 1937.

The "BYSTANDER" One-Day SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES, 36 holes (13th Year)

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Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* .....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No*.....

To play in the above Foursomes at Wentworth, with

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* .....*Club*

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who will send in their own entry. OR, please fix us up with opponents

If that time is not already taken, we should like to start the first round at.....*or if there is no free time within fifteen minutes of that we should like an earlier/later one, if possible at about*.....

(No starting time can be allotted before 9 or after 11.15 for the first round. Competitors will start their second round approximately 3½ hours later than their first round.)

PRIZES

Challenge Trophies and Replicas for the best scratch aggregate of thirty-six holes. Prizes for the best scratch return on the East Course. Prizes for the best scratch return on the Centre Course. Prizes for the best handicap aggregate of thirty-six holes. Prizes for the best handicap return on the East Course and on the Centre Course.

Ties for the aggregate will be decided by the scores returned by the tying couples over the East Course; ties for the eighteen-hole prizes by the last nine holes of the tying cards.

Exclusive of any sweeps that may be arranged, the winners of the Challenge Trophies cannot take any other prizes, nor may any pair take more than one prize. **No card taken out in the second round can compete for an eighteen-hole prize unless the pair returning it have completed and returned their first-round card.**

The Entry Form is on the left.

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Getting Married :

The "Bystander's Review" of Weddings and Engagements

Kay Vaughan

Nancy Leatham

Is the only child of the late Lieut.-Col. B. H. Leatham and Mrs. Leatham, of Lile Cottage, Richmond, Yorks., and is engaged to William Ronald Denis Vernon-Harcourt, South Wales Borderers, only son of the late L. W. Vernon-Harcourt and Mrs. M. Liddell, of 9, North Audley Street, W.1

Pearl Freeman

Pamela Margaret Hodgins

Is the only daughter of the late Major Robert Hodgins and Mrs. Hodgins, of 170, Clarence Gate Gardens, N.W.1, and is engaged to William Alexander Colgan, second son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Francis Colgan, of Co. Meath, Ireland

Peggy Lilian Watkins

Is the only daughter of Mr. W. H. Watkins and the late Mrs. Watkins, of Belcombe Court, Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts., and is engaged to W. H. Dudgeon, second son of the late Mr. William John Dudgeon and Mrs. Dudgeon, of Crakaig, Loth, Scotland

Catherine Bell

Nancy Swan

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Swan, of Corone House, Chorleywood, Herts., and is engaged to Grenville Barrington Summers, eldest son of Mr. George Summers and Mrs. Jones, of 8, Gloucester Gate, N.W.1

Tunbridge

Jacqueline Sweetinburgh

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Sweetinburgh, of 58, Berkeley Court, N.W.1, and is engaged to Patrick Thorold Rogers, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. L. Rogers, of Mount Skippet, Ramsden, Oxford

Douglas

Nancy Barbara Fuller

Is the elder daughter of the late Capt. W. B. Fuller and Mrs. Charles Carington, of Ladder Stile Cottage, Kingston Hill; she is engaged to Lt.-Cmdr. Patrick John Hare, second son of Major-Gen. Sir Steuart and Lady Hare, of 2, Clifton Place, W.2

Pearl Freeman

Felicity Watson

Is the younger daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. H. R. Watson, of Wood House, Tonbridge; she is engaged to Dr. W. H. Poole, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Poole, of Southport, Lancashire

Lenare

Lorna Bullen-Spicer

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bullen-Spicer, of Copper Beech, Maidenhead; she is engaged to Basil Hill Russell Stoneham, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Russell Stoneham, of Scotsburn, Tunbridge Wells

Pear Freeman

Zoe Elliott

Is the youngest daughter of the late Dr. and Mrs. C. Coyne Elliott, of The Shrubbery, Stoneygate, Leicester, and is engaged to Dr. G. R. C. Rayner, only son of Dr. and Mrs. Percy Rayner, of The Brook House, Earl Shilton, Leicestershire

Ingham Bowdon

Winifred Mary Manners

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Beaumont Manners, of Lynwood, Heaton Mersey, Manchester, and is engaged to Leonard James Nicol Williams, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard A. Williams, of The Mount, Cheadle Hulme, Cheshire

Lenare

Joyce Pettit

Joyce Violet Beatrice Pettit, elder daughter of the late Arthur Pettit and Mrs. Pettit, of Hyde End, Brimpton, Berks., is engaged to Richard Cleeve Mills, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. John Mills, of Bishop's Sutton, Hants.

Lenare

Elizabeth Delmore

Elizabeth Katherine Mary Delmore, ward of Major and Mrs. John Shaw, of Welburn Hall, Kirby-moorside, Yorkshire, is engaged to Arthur Gibson, 5th R.I. Dragoons, only son of Capt. and Mrs. T. G. Gibson, of Welham Hall, Malton

Tunbridge

Peggy Bagot Chester

Is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Hugh Bagot Chester, of 22, Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square; she is engaged to Wallace Stuart Finlayson, younger son of Captain and Mrs. Finlayson, of 162, Sloane Street, S.W.1

Carey — Pratt-Barlow

John de Vic Carey, only son of the late Lieut.-Col. Lewis de Vic Carey, O.B.E., and Mrs. Collier, of Uffculme, Devon, married Irene Violet Pratt-Barlow at Ewhurst; she is the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. Reginald Pratt-Barlow, of Dukes, Rudgwick, Sussex

Mecredy — Symondson

Ian Henry Maccreicht Mecredy, the International swimmer, married Mary Ruth Symondson at Lambourne Parish Church. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Symondson, of Lambourne, Berkshire

Pearl Freeman

Mersa Foster

s the youngest daughter of the late Major E. G. B. Foster and Mrs. Foster, Warmwell, Dorset; she is engaged John Gibbons, only son of Sir Alexder and Lady Gibbons, of Greenm House, Crewkerne, Somerset

Foster — Easdale

Peter Foster, son of the late Frank Woodroffe Foster and Mrs. Milligan, of Heathersett, St. George's Hill, Weybridge, and June Easdale, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Easdale, of Princes Terrace, Glasgow, were married at Westbourne Church, Glasgow

Linforth — Conway

At St. Mary Without-the-Walls, Chester, Kenneth Noel Linforth, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Linforth, of Tabsfield, Farningham, Kent, married Ethel Dorothy Conway, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Conway, of The Cottage, Westminster Avenue, Chester

Yevonde

Bridget Thompson

Left: Bridget Anne Moyra Thompson, elder daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. W. G. Hemsley Thompson, of Warminster, Wilts., is engaged to Douglas Laird Busk, H.M. Diplomatic Service, elder son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. Laird Busk

Right: Anne Watson Hughes, one of this year's debutantes, has announced her engagement to Antony Norman, younger son of the Rt. Hon. Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Norman, of The Corner House, Cowley Street, Westminster; she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Watson Hughes, of Pontruffydd, Trefant, Denbighshire

Lenare

Anne Watson Hughes

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS

No. 3 of a series of Announcements dealing with Marshall & Snelgrove's Centenary Celebrations now proceeding

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

April 7 — April 13

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Ralph Richardson is the amazing doctor mixed up with some amusing crooks: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BATS IN THE BELFRY.—Aunt Lilian Braithwaite, with Henry Kendall opposite, decides the destiny of Lydia Sherwood and Vivien Leigh and others in an amusing comedy: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

CANDIDA.—Diana Wynyard is a lovely Candida; Nicholas Hannen, Athene Seyler and Stephen Haggard help her to get Shaw's richness across; a curtain-raiser gives Wendy Toye a chance she takes: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GREAT POSSESSIONS.—A first play by a young man about Buchmanites and undergraduates gives Geoffrey Keen an unpleasant part: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HENRY V.—Laurence Olivier is the King, Jessica Tandy is Katharine, Ivy St. Helier doubles Alice and Mistress quickly: Old Vic, 8.

JANE EYRE.—Completely satisfying adaptation of the Brontë novel with Curigwen Lewis as Jane and Reginald Tate as Rochester: Aldwych, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT ALONE.—Richard Bird is the making of this excellent little trifle: Daly's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

RIDE-A-COCK-HORSE.—Laura Cowie leads a big cast in a local colour drama about a Croatian peasant woman: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ROAD TO ROME.—A joyful journey without illusions on the part of James Mason's Hannibal or Aubrey Dexter or Ena Burrill as Romans: Savoy, 8.30. Fri., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL (see also First Nights).—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.—A rich production, with Edith Evans as Katharina, Leslie Banks as Petruchio, Arthur Sinclair as Sly, settings by Doris Zinkeisen: New, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—White Russian plot is strong for a musical comedy, spectacle is splendid, music ordinary; Muriel Angelus and Roger Treville lead, Clifford Mollison in support: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BIG BUSINESS.—Bobby Howes, Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore and Wylie Watson are singly and collectively equal to all or no situation—mostly the latter: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CARELESS RAPTURE.—Ivor Novello heads his own vast, romantic show, with Dorothy Dickson and Zena Dare and huge chorus: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOME AND BEAUTY.—Mostly good, Cochran's ponderous Coronation revue has Nelson Keys, Binnie Hale and Gitta Alpar on top of their respective forms: Adelphi, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

OVER SHE GOES.—Slap-stick to music, with Stanley Lupino, Laddie Cliff, and Adèle Dixon to make it go: Saville, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 90.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

STARS AND STRIPS.—First of Charlot's non-stop programmes at the Vaudeville, with Douglas Byng as star-in-chief: 2.30-11.15.

SWING ALONG.—Leslie Henson's musical swings along as the best of its kind in London should, with Louise Browne, Fred Emney and Zelma O'Neal in support: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SWING IN THE AIR.—Flanagan and Allen continue alongside some American acts in Jack Hylton's production: Palladium, 6.20 and 9.

THE TWO BOUQUETS.—Pokes gay but gentle satire at Victoriana; Gertrude Musgrove and George Benson best of a good cast: Garrick, 8.30 (not Mon.). Tues., Fri., Sat., 2.30.

THE VAGABOND KING.—Revival of this great romantic musical with Harry Welchman, Maria Elsner, George Graves: Coliseum, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

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Mirth and Mystery

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's sparkling long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Dennis Arundell and Veronica Turleigh as Dorothy Sayers' ready-made but amusing detective couple, in an effective if simple plot: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Jessica Tandy and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Big-size thriller, generous in cast and effects; Gordon Harker and Jack Hawkins lead; well entrenched at the Prince's: 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's hyper-romantic school play, with Frederick Leister in the name-part, J. H. Roberts and Joan White: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

MILE AWAY MURDER.—D. A. Clarke-Smith, Gillian Maude, Evelyn Roberts, Walter Hudd in Anthony Armstrong's new thriller: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

RETREAT FROM FOLLY.—Marie Tempest has only to be herself in a part that fits her like a glove, with a pleasant plot adorned by Antoinette Cellier and Paul Leyssac: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE SQUEAKER.—Alastair Sim, Hartley Power, Henry Wenman lead a large cast in Edgar Wallace's rapid, effective murder story: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SUSPECT.—Suspense of suspicion is held to the end by Mary Morris in a grim part, with well-groomed support from Stafford Hilliard, Campbell Gullan and David Horne: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—A revival of the musical burlesque on our rough island's story: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WISE TO-MORROW.—Almost enthralling and almost witty, the plot gives Martita Hunt and Diana Churchill good chances, and Naunton Wayne some good lines: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

ANNA CHRISTIE.—Flora Robson returns to the Westminster to play the name-part, supported by a strong cast: to-night, 7th.

LONDON AFTER DARK.—The newest Hackett play with a typical part for Marion Lorne centres around Piccadilly Circus: Apollo, to-night, 7th.

CLIMBING.—An Embassy show comes West, with Rene Ray added to the cast in Marten Cumberland's satirical play: Phœnix, Thurs., 8th.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL:
HAMLET.—Thurs., 8th.

CINEMAS

AFTER THE THIN MAN (American).—Fit sequel to the famous comedy thriller; William Powell and Myrna Loy are together in it, of course: Empire.

COME AND GET IT (American).—Fine, strong story of pioneer lumbering days with Edward Arnold at his best: Marble Arch Pavilion.

DARK JOURNEY (British).—Conrad Veidt in a part that suits him as a German spy clashing with Vivien Leigh as a French spy in war-time Stockholm; Joan Gardner and others support: London Pavilion.

FIRE OVER ENGLAND (British).—Flora Robson (as Queen Elizabeth), Leslie Banks, Raymond Massey, Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier head the heavy cast that moves across a rich tapestry of Elizabethan England: Leicester Square (last three days).

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937 (American).—Annual riot of beauty, pep and harmony, headed by Glenda Farrell and Victor Moore: Tivoli.

THE GOOD EARTH (American).—Thalberg's last production is a convincing and moving translation of Pearl Buck's realistic novel, thanks to Paul Muni and Luise Rainer: Palace Theatre.

HARVEST (Austrian).—Paula Wessely's latest is set in Hungary; a simple, charming story with Attila Hörbiger and Gina Falckenberg: Academy.

LA KERMESSE HÉROÏQUE (French).—A film gem, consistent and convincing throughout; Françoise Rosay and Jean Murat: Studio One.

SEA DEVILS (American).—Victor McLaglen and clever little Ida Lupino in this Radio offering: Plaza.

THE SEQUEL TO SECOND BUREAU (French).—But it has a new cast and new director, Renée Saint-Cyr and Jules Berry head the former, Léon Mathot is the latter; thrilling German v. French spy story: Curzon.

STOLEN HOLIDAY (American).—Claude Rains and Ian Hunter support Kay Francis in an ultra-modern socialite love-tale: New Gallery.

SWING HIGH, SWING LOW (American).—Carole Lombard sings and dances on the screen for the first time, Fred MacMurray plays the trumpet in a comedy romance: Carlton.

THREE SMART GIRLS (American).—Deanna Durbin, new fifteen-year-old star, Barbara Read and Nan Grey are the three with good support in a capital comedy: Gaumont (last three days).

WINTERSET (American).—Burgess Meredith and Margo lead in this New York stage success: Regal.

Premieres

ELEPHANT BOY (British).—Korda's adaptation of Kipling's "Toomai" should be vivid, with fine jungle shots and a thirteen-year-old Indian in the lead; premiere in aid of the Westminster Housing Association: Leicester Square, to-night, 7th.

LLOYD'S OF LONDON (American).—Old English picture of the foundation of Lloyd's with Madeleine Carroll and Freddie Bartholomew: Gaumont, Mon., 12th.

OPERA AND BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

DIE FLEDERMAUS.—To-night, 7th, 8.

THE MAGIC FLUTE.—Thurs., 8th, 8.

DIE MEISTERSINGER.—Fri., 9th, 6.45.

BALLET—CARNAVAL, GISELLE.—Sat., 10th, 2.30.

LA BOHÈME.—Sat., 10th, 8.

BALLET—DOUANES, LES SYLPHIDES, LES PATINEURS.—Tues., 13th, 8.30.

MUSIC

Orchestral

B.B.C. CONCERT.—Boult conducts in a straightforward programme: Bach's Brandenburg Concerto in B flat, Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, Brahms' First Symphony: Queen's Hall, to-night, 7th, 8.15.

L.S.O.—Leonard Walker conducts in a programme of Wagner, Debussy ("l'Après Midi"), Haydn (London Symphony), Bach and Brahms: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 8th, 8.15.

Recitals and Chamber Music

MANHATTAN STRING QUARTET.—Beethoven's quartet in C minor (Op. 18, No. 4), Haydn's in G (Op. 77, No. 1), Debussy's in G minor (Op. 10): Wigmore Hall, to-night, 7th, 8.30.

NAN MARYSKA (soprano).—Bach, Mozart, Schubert and Schumann, Handel and a group of Swiss, French, Czech and Italian Folk Songs: Grotrian Hall, Fri., 9th, 8.30.

KREISLER.—With the L.P.O. under Barbirolli; Bach's E major Concerto, Viotti's in A minor, Schumann's Fantasy in C major, Paganini's Konzertstück: Albert Hall, Sun., 11th, 3.

ANTONIO BROSA.—César Franck, Bach (Chaconne) and a group of moderns: Wigmore Hall, Mon., 12th, 8.30.

SHOWS, EXHIBITIONS AND SPORT

IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION.—Olympia (all the week).

AMATEUR BOXING ASSOCIATION CHAMPIONSHIPS.—Albert Hall, to-night, 7th.

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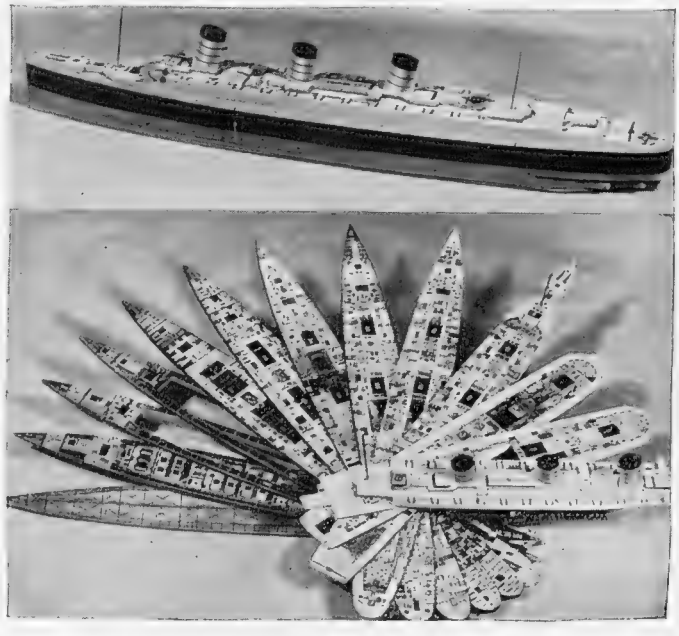

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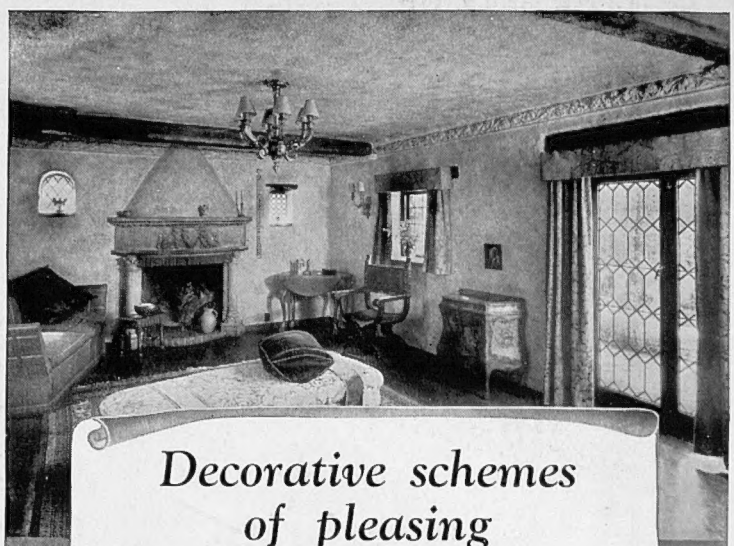

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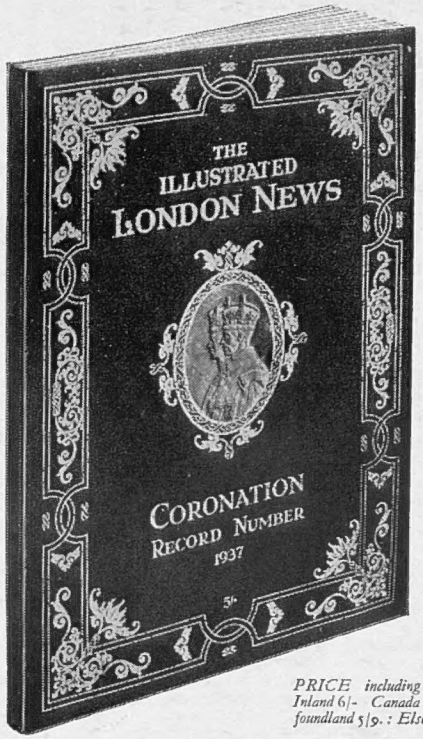

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THE KING'S CORONATION ROBES: THE CRIMSON ROBE OF STATE, WITH THE CAP OF MAINTENANCE; THE GOLDEN IMPERIAL MANTLE, WITH ST. EDWARD'S CROWN; AND THE ROBE OF PURPLE VELVET WITH THE IMPERIAL STATE CROWN
From the Paintings by Fortunino Matania, R.I.

SCENES OF CORONATIONS AT VARIOUS PERIODS BEFORE AND SINCE EDWARD THE CONFESSOR
From the Paintings by Henry C. Brewer, R.I.

THE CORONATION CHAIR, WITH THE STONE OF SCONE, IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: *From a Photograph Specially taken for "The Illustrated London News."*

THE DESCENT OF KING GEORGE VI.: A GENEALOGICAL TABLE OF THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND

SYMBOLS OF BRITISH IMPERIAL POWER: THE CROWN OF ENGLAND (ST. EDWARD'S CROWN) USED FOR THE ACT OF CORONATION; THE AMPULLA AND SPOON; THE KING'S ROYAL SCEPTRE; AND THE KING'S ORB

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